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PUNCH or The London Charivari—May 9 1956

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PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.

WHY SHOULD WE KEEP IT *UNDER* OUR HAT?



So many people have used Coseley Standard Buildings that the word has got around — they are the complete answer to most accommodation problems. Send now for full details, or, better still, ask for a technical representative to call.

COSELEY

ENGINEERING CO. LTD.

LANESFIELD · WOLVERHAMPTON

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Whole
big boxfuls
of chocolate
peppermint creams

minted most deliciously
by Tobler

Gorgeous, glorious peppermint creams. Lines of them. Layers of them. All deep in dessert chocolate. All fresh from the people who know exactly what chocolate peppermint creams should taste like. And make them just like that. These are made for connoisseurs. For true devotees. They are, beyond doubt, the finest chocolate peppermint creams you can buy. And quite unmistakably, by Tobler.

ask for **Tobler**

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CREAMS

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS TOBLERONE



A CAR WITH

LEATHER
upholstery

NEVER LOOKS ITS AGE

Throughout its long life leather looks good. There is nothing to compare with its day-long comfort in Summer or in Winter. And when the time comes to sell, the leather upholstered car invariably produces a higher price.

Issued by

The Dressed Hide Leather Publicity Committee, Leather Trade House, Barter St., London, WC2



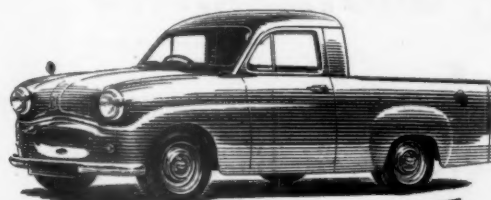
Sturdy and Efficient

The Standard 6 cwt. Pick-up Truck, with its sturdy 948 c.c. engine, is designed to give long, efficient service under a variety of conditions. This tough little vehicle can be used as a business stand-by to carry out those quick, light deliveries, or for performing a hundred-and-one jobs on farms and estates, saving time, labour and money. When a larger truck is out of the question this handy carrier will prove a first-class investment and repay its cost many times over. The Standard 6 cwt. Pick-up Truck has a petrol consumption of 30/40 m.p.g. which, with its payload capacity of 6 cwt. combines economical running with maximum carrying capacity.

PRICE: £375.0.0

P.T. £51.13.6

TOTAL: £426.13.6



THE STANDARD

**6 cwt.
PICK-UP TRUCK**



THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY, ENGLAND
London Showrooms: 15-17 Berkeley Square, W.1. Tel: Grosvenor 8181

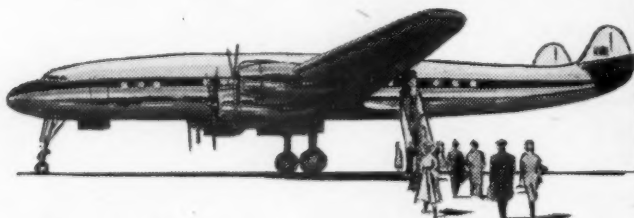
STANDARD CARS • TRIUMPH CARS • STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES • STANDARD DIESEL ENGINES • FERGUSON TRACTORS

A "SCOTCH" AND "POLLY"



The association of "Scotch" and "Polly" is still as happy after nearly sixty years as it was in 1898. Apollinaris has the unique quality of bringing out the true flavour of a whisky.

A POLLINARIS



Relax by day—sleep deep by night in Qantas

SUPER G CONSTELLATIONS

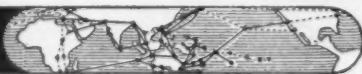


Wonderful service—wonderful cuisine—wonderful Sleeper-chairs for all-night slumber . . . everything that happy travel needs is yours in these Qantas Super-G Constellations! A fully-reclining Sleeperchair for every 1st class passenger. On the Pacific Route, a limited number of sleeping berths in addition. There's room in Super-G Constellations—room for all those extra comforts that mean so much when you fly.

Qantas—Australia's Overseas Airline in association with B.O.A.C. and T.E.A.L.

Tourist or 1st Class, West from San Francisco or Vancouver to Australia and New Zealand—or East by the QANTAS/B.O.A.C. Kangaroo Route via Middle East, India and S.E. Asia. Also Sydney to Far East and South Africa.

QANTAS



TICKETS AND ADVICE FROM APPOINTED TRAVEL AGENTS, any B.O.A.C. Office, and Qantas, 69 Piccadilly, W.1. MAYfair 9200



"That's a nice waistcoat, Charles."

"It's a Coxmoore Cheltenham. One thing about Coxmoore, you know the style's all right—they only go in for men's things."

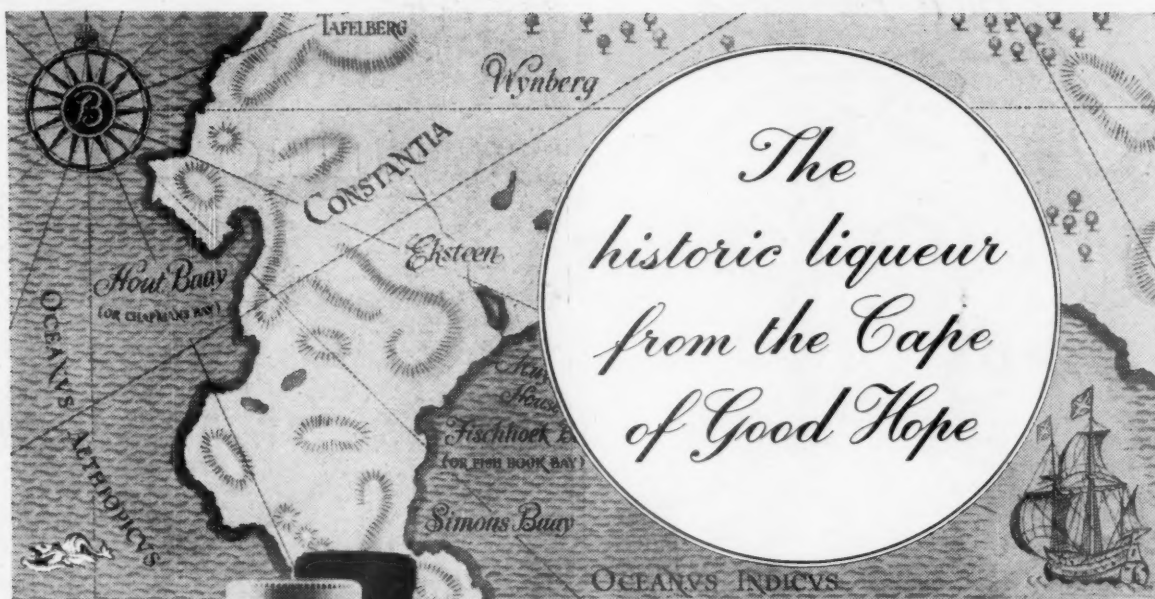
The best men's shops

are proud to be identified with

Coxmoore

SUPERB SWEATERS AND SOCKS

Coxmoore cardigans and sweaters are still rather scarce, so if you have any difficulty in finding what you want, please write to: COX, MOORE & COMPANY LTD • 38 BRUTON STREET • LONDON • W1



*Famous
for
nearly
300
years.*



Here is a liqueur for the connoisseur — distinctive — delectable. Into this notable blend of finest brandy, aromatic tangerines and other rare ingredients, is distilled the sunshine of "the fairest Cape in the whole circumference of the Earth." Grace your after-dinner table with Bertram's Van Der Hum and give a unique pleasure to yourself and to your friends.



The story of "Mr. What's-his-name."

The early Dutch settlers in the Cape of Good Hope made a liqueur in imitation of their famous Curacao. Being unable to recall the name of the original distiller, they referred to him as "Van Der Hum" —the Dutch equivalent of "Mr. What's-his-name." And that, according to legend, is how this famous liqueur got its name.

Bertrams

ORIGINAL

Van der Hum
LIQUEUR



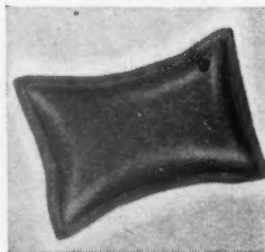
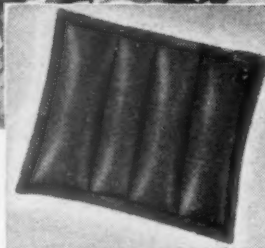
Think of any occasion—and
Aristoc has the nylon answer...
Cast your eyes on any fashion colour—
and Aristoc has a shade to harmonize...
Imagine nylons of beauty that wear with
a will—Aristoc makes them a reality...



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

16/11 to as little as 7/11

And to complete the picnic
get your **LI-LO** and relax...



Don't miss a moment of sun!
The grass may be damp after rain, but with a LI-LO you can relax and enjoy your picnic right away.

Your holiday is not complete without one of the famous Li-Lo Air-Beds. Take one wherever you go—they're so light to carry, so simple to inflate, and so strong.

And LI-LO inflatable beach and garden toys keep the children happy for hours on end. A holiday with LI-LO is a holiday indeed!

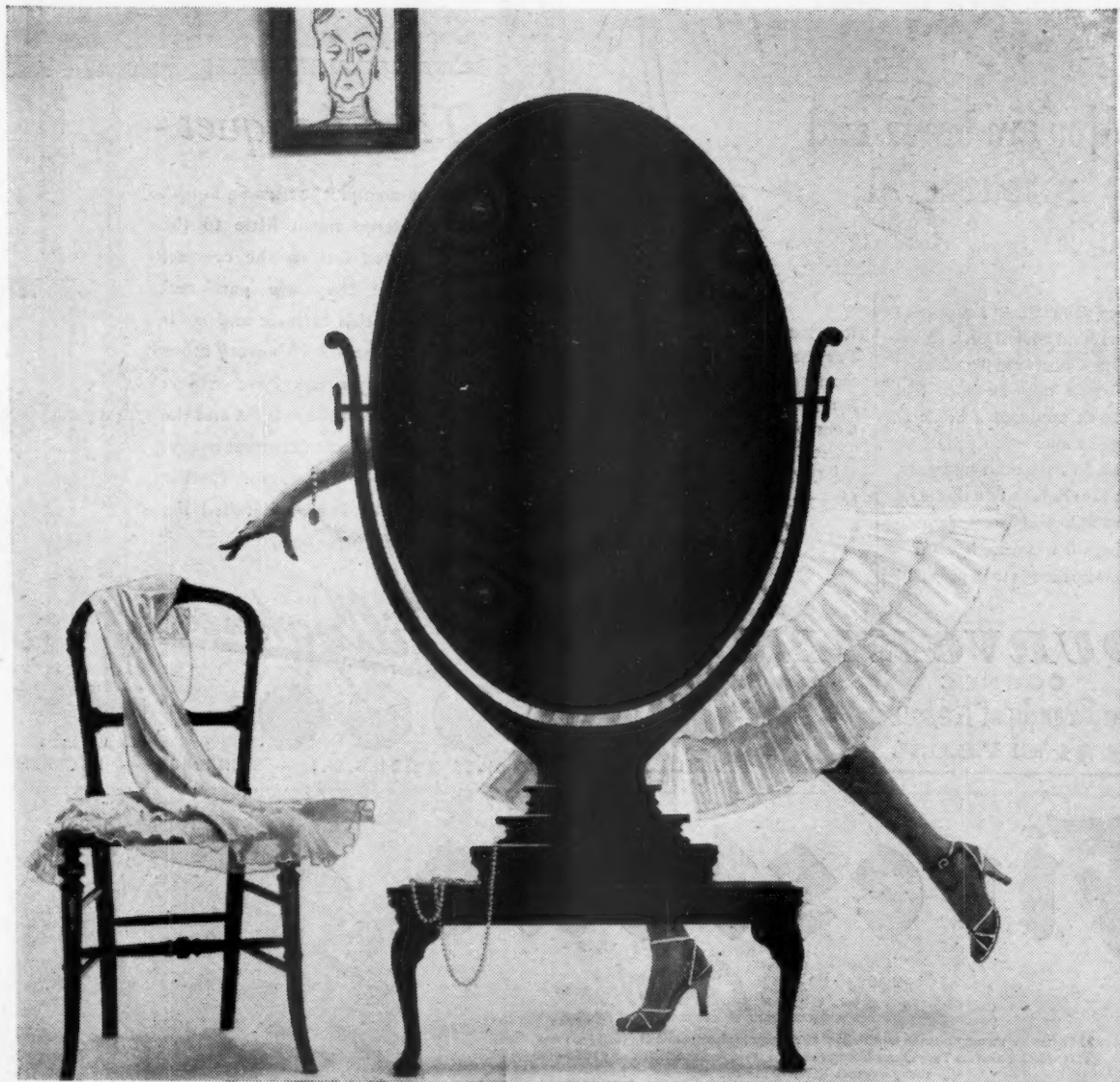
Air-Pillows and Air-Cushions:

These are essential for camping, seaside and garden. A wide range of sizes to suit all needs.

make sure it's **LI-LO**

These are just a few of the many Li-Lo products for the beach, the garden, or camping.

P. B. COW & CO. LTD., 12 HAY HILL, BERKELEY SQ., LONDON, W.1



nylon is changing price-tags and pleats

Change notes into nylon and something new happens: the value of money goes up. The Nylon Pound buys daylight practicality in limelight clothes: fashions with no aftermath of fuss. Take one detail: nylon pleats in petticoats, in blouses, in wool-and-nylon skirts. Captive pleats—heat-set, durable. Wash them, pack them, travel a thousand miles in them: nothing discomposes them. They stay set. In nylon, frills don't flounder: fine lace is strong as string. Delicate fabrics wash without a qualm. Of all the fashion fabrics you can afford to buy, choose nylon—for clothes you can afford to wear.



nothing like

Nylon

WHAT THE ★★★ FORETELL ...

You are brave and
resourceful



When you read :—" I supported his (her) head while Derek forced some Brandy between the clenched teeth—" you may be sure that had Derek produced a bottle of Courvoisier authentic Cognac, no force would have been necessary. But perhaps Derek was a thousand miles from a decent wine merchant— or perhaps it was after hours.

How wise though to be prepared

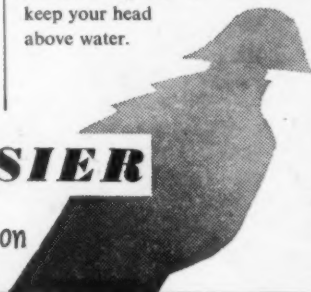
for what fate brings to your door. For the dinner you can't avoid—the severe outbreak of relatives—the guest with clenched teeth—Courvoisier Cognac to the rescue! Three Star with soda and in-laws : V.S.O.P. liqueur to keep your head above water.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

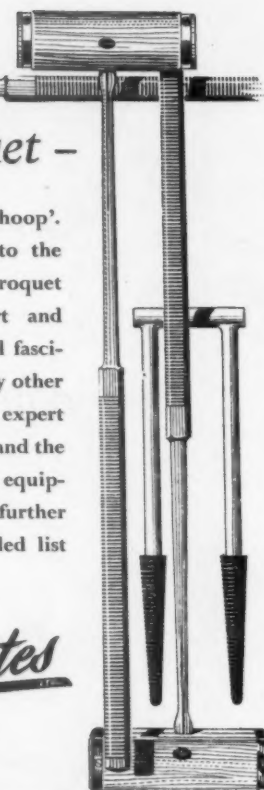
The Brandy of Napoleon

★★★ and V.S.O.P.



Take Croquet –

'make a roquet' or 'run a hoop'. These terms mean little to the uninitiated but to the croquet enthusiast they are part and parcel of this historic and fascinating game. As with every other sport, Lillywhites have expert knowledge of the subject and the finest selection of croquet equipment. Write to us for further details. We have a detailed list available on request.



Lillywhites

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1 — EDINBURGH — BOURNEMOUTH

Firestone

Experience Counts –

27 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day. Firestone Tubeless Tyres have been proved in service since 1951 and production today exceeds 1,500,000 per month.

THE SPECIALLY DESIGNED
all-season car tyre

FOR REAR WHEELS

Town & Country

- ◇ SMOOTH RIDING AND QUIET
- ◇ NON-SKID SAFETY ON WET AND GREASY ROADS
- ◇ TUBELESS OR TUBED
- ◇ LONG, TROUBLE-FREE MILEAGE
- ◇ ALSO OF SPECIAL APPEAL TO LIGHT VAN OWNERS

* For front wheels fit Firestone De Luxe

Firestone TYRES — consistently good



**WITH
WEATHERISED
TREAD**

...it's New!

FOR YOUR ENGINE

FOR EVERY ENGINE



ESSO EXTRA MOTOR OIL

Whatever the make, the age or the condition of your car, new free-flowing Esso Extra Motor Oil gives *instant lubrication* at all temperatures, all the year round. This means that Esso Extra Motor Oil actually protects your engine throughout the entire working life built into it by the motor

manufacturer. You enjoy quick-starting, smoother motoring straight away reduced upkeep costs and prolonged engine life.

Change *now* to new Esso Extra Motor Oil—recommended by leading car manufacturers—and on sale at Esso Dealers everywhere.



EXTRA MOTOR OIL *protects your engine for life!*

Strange that an assembly of 2,400 parts (which is what an Imperial '66' is) should possess such human characteristics as friendliness and good behaviour, quickness and loyalty. But an Imperial '66' does make you think in those terms. Lucky typist. Lucky employer.



Quick work—well done

Imperial
typewriters

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER CO. LTD. LEICESTER AND HULL

cafe royal

*"Service on the
'gold standard'"*

SAYS MONSIEUR JULES
Resident Director of the Cafe Royal

"In the currency of words 'service' is nowadays often debased, but never at the Cafe Royal. We like to greet you with grace and wait upon you with prompt and informed attention. Thus we cherish a tradition of service which has lasted over 90 years."



cafe royal

REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.1

A fort's enterprise

The beautiful Restaurant and plush gilded Grill Room are open until midnight, and the Grill Room is open also on Sundays.

To reserve a table please telephone
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SANDEMAN SHERRY

You'll be proud
to serve it
from the bottle...
it's real Sherry
from Spain



Two fine Sherries from the Sandeman Bodegas at Jerez—

"AMONTILLADO"
medium dry 20/- a bottle

"BROWN BANG"
rich Oloroso 22/- a bottle

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

Shore winners...

If you want to be active—at deck quoits or beach cricket.

If you want to relax, no pleasanter ways of lazing in blazing sun.

Simpson resortwear is right for all holiday moods.

Left. Casual string sports shirt in yellow, white, blue, or Cognac. £3 10s. 0d
Linen shorts in grey, black, navy, tan, natural or red. £3 3s. 0d
Brown calf mule sandal. £1 15s.

Kneeling figure. Plain slash-neck lisle sports shirt with $\frac{3}{4}$ -sleeves. In yellow, tan, or one of three shades of blue. £1 15s. 0d
Jantzen boxer shorts in cotton gaberdine. Beige, grey, navy, royal, sail red, or white £1 18s. 6d

Centre. Striped cotton jacket in blue/white, red/white, yellow/white. £3 15s. 0d
Red denim trousers. £3 19s. 6d
Natural calf one-bar footform sandals £3 3s. 0d

Right. Terry beach jacket £4 10s. 0d Jantzen nylon boxer shorts in blue, wine, black or sky-blue. £2 9s. 6d Canvas espadrilles, with rope sole, 14/6; with rope and rubber sole 25/-

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd.
London W.1
Telephone Regent 2002





PASSING CLOUDS

... not a cigarette you get offered in everybody's house, by any means;
but how gratifying when you are! For Passing Clouds,
ever since 1874, have been made for people who prefer a
Virginian-flavoured cigarette, but who demand of it distinction,
an oval shape, and—of course—superb quality.

Made by W. D. & H. O. Wills

WPC 88



"I can't afford a big car — yet with a family of four, I could do with the space. I want a lively and lion-hearted engine but a purely 'performance' car doesn't do enough miles to the gallon for me. I want something rather better than the usual run of cars — but without having to pay over the odds for it. Perhaps I'm being rather difficult!"

Buy wisely—buy

WOLSELEY *Four-Fortyfour*



WOLSELEY FOUR-FORTYFOUR £640
plus Purchase Tax £321 7 0

WOLSELEY SIX-NINETY £806
plus Purchase Tax £404 7 0

WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD.
London Showrooms: 12 Berkeley Street, W.1. Overseas Business:
Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Oh no, you're not!

Here is your car—the Wolseley Four-Fortyfour —whose first-rate performance is sustained on a very modest fuel consumption and whose graceful appearance and distinguished character take it out of the multi-production model class whilst leaving it highly competitive in price and running costs. It is the perfect car for the man whose taste demands "something a little better"

46 b.h.p. Independent front suspension. Real leather upholstery. Safety glass all round. A full 5-seating family car of distinction with lively performance. There is also the 2½ litre 6 cyl. 6-seater Wolseley Six-Ninety.



REMEMBER.

Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.



Temper mill

Perhaps your coffee comes in a tin.

We make tinsplate—we melt the steel,
roll it into thin sheets which we 'temper' and toughen
in yet another rolling mill—

and after that they are tinned.

Our famous plants can turn out enormous quantities
of tinsplate a week, so of course your daily life
is closely linked with the products of

**Richard Thomas
& Baldwins Ltd**

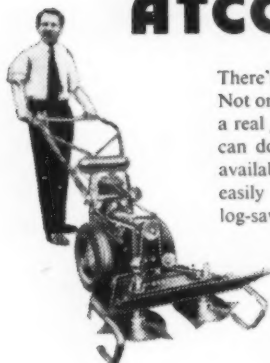
A GREAT NAME IN STEEL SHEETS & TINPLATE

By Appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen



Charles H. Pugh Ltd.,
Motor Mower Manufacturers

You simply must try the **ATCOSCYTHE**



Available with single or
twin disc cutters—

There's nothing like it for scything long grass. Not only more efficiently but quieter, smoother, a real joy to handle. And look at the jobs you can do with the aid of its accessories (14 are available now or shortly — all quickly and easily attachable) — for hedge trimming, log-sawing, water pumping, fruit spraying.

It's a power-house on wheels and so very much better than anything else, you simply must write for a demonstration on your land. You'll be amazed. Made by the makers of Atco Motor Mowers and backed by the unique Atco nation-wide Service.



or with sickle bar.

Charles H. Pugh Ltd., P.O. Box 256,
Atco Works, Birmingham, 9



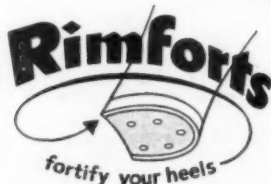
HOW SMART WOMEN KEEP THEIR HEELS SMART

They ask their shoe repairer to fit RIMFORTS — the neatest, strongest built-in heel protectors yet made.

Bonded with the best leather, they stop that down-at-heel appearance, help you to walk properly — and save that constant every-other-week repair bill.

With RIMFORTS, heels last three times as long — often longer. There is a size and shape to suit every shoe and there are RIMFORTS for men and children too.

Ask for **RIMFORTS**
next time — by name



F. D. WARD LTD • HIGHAM FERRERS • NORTHANTS

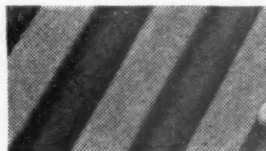
That's my pleated skirt in the wash —



- and here I am
wearing it with
no pressing at all!

At last, here's *extra wear*—without a care—for pleated skirts and trousers. "GARNELENE" is the name for the finally-perfected "Terylene" and pure wool fabric which has, at last, the *guaranteed* non-fluff finish. "GARNELENE" never crumples, is easily washed without pressing, and takes no end of hard wear.

"GARNELENE" is so far ahead and so reliable that many manufacturers are now making *all* their "Terylene" and wool skirts and trousers from it. Look for the "GARNELENE" label as well as the maker's own brand and you'll be sure of skirts and trousers that are **DOUBLY** satisfactory!



**491 HOURS' ROUGH WEAR
AND AS GOOD AS NEW!**

Note fluff-free surface and sharpness of creases in this close-up taken from a "GARNELENE" skirt after 491 hours' rough wear, including Spring Cleaning, regular cycling, and three washings with *no* pressing!



Actual photographs
of trousers in "GARNELENE"
after months of careless wear
with no attention whatever.

CHOOSE SKIRTS, SLACKS & TROUSERS IN

Garnelene

REGD.

For Extra Wear - Without a Care!

LOOK FOR THE LABEL

Many reputable firms use GARNELENE including (For ladies: Martis, Maribek, Moorcott, Renar, etc. (For men: Leslie Blass Ltd., Giantex, Headrow Clothes, Hector Fowe, Hepton & Co., Northern Clothing (Shildon) Ltd., etc. (For children: Minimode, etc.

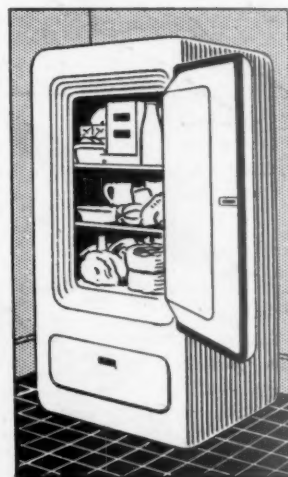


"GARNELENE" is made in both "Terylene"/Wool and "Terylene"/Worsted by GARNETTS OF APPERLEY BRIDGE, YORKSHIRE



'...but it's perfectly safe in here' says Mr. Therm

FLIES ARE FILTHY THINGS—and very dangerous things too, particularly if you have young children in your home. You must *never* give them a chance to get at your food. The best protection is a refrigerator. Even if a fly should get into a refrigerator, he would hate its dry, frosty air. In a refrigerator your food is out of danger—not only from flies, but from heat-waves and thunderstorms and mould and all the other causes of food 'going off'. A gas refrigerator is easy to pay for and simple to install. It is trouble-free, silent and economical. Come and see the different sizes and models at your gas showrooms.



GAS—to be sure

"Lords are lordliest in their wine"

MILTON ('SAMSON AGONISTES')



REX SHERRY
20/- per bottle



MARLBOROUGH PORT
19/- per bottle



KING'S VAT SCOTCH WHISKY 36/- per bottle



FLEURIGNY FRÈRES CHAMPAGNE 22/- per bottle

Our current Price List will be sent with pleasure on request

DAVID SANDEMAN & SON LTD

64, FALL MALL, S.W.1 Telephone WHITEhall 6937-9

at the corner of St. James's Street opposite St. James's Palace, and at

111, WEST GEORGE ST., GLASGOW, C.2 * 53-59, MILLER ST., GLASGOW, C.1

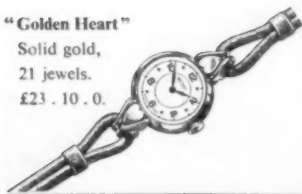
Established 1821

21 JEWELS

— a watch to be treasured !

"Golden Heart"

Solid gold,
21 jewels.
£23 . 10 . 0.



Yes, a Rotary watch goes straight to a woman's heart. That's not to be wondered at, since each of these lovely watches has the special 21-jewel movement by Rotary. And each watch has been designed in gold by our own craftsmen. Here's a gift that is particularly memorable — a wonderful gift. She will treasure a Rotary watch always, for its elegance and its accuracy.

"Golden Light"

In solid gold, 21 jewels.
£20 . 15 . 0.



"Minuet"

Solid gold with gold
demi-bracelet.
£26 . 10 . 0.



"Serenade"

Solid gold with gold
demi-bracelet.
£25 . 0 . 0.

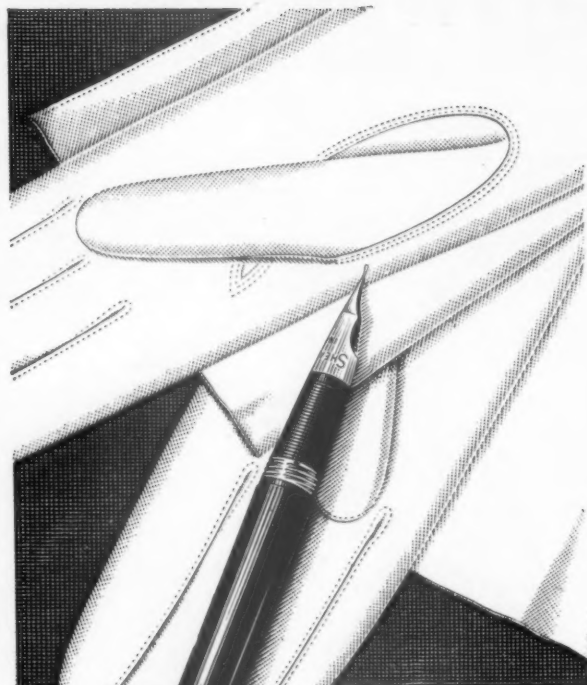


ROTARY



WATCHES

Ask your jeweller for **ROTARY**—by name



Immaculate...

An immaculate pen the Sheaffer; distinguished, well-groomed, meticulously clean. Balanced to your hand, the Sheaffer Snorkel Pen moves across the paper like a bird across the sky, slender, smooth and silent. Just to hold a Sheaffer is to know the feel of a perfect writing instrument. The slender lines, the exclusive tubular nib and the unique filling method* all contribute to the superb quality of this, the finest pen in the world. The gift of a lifetime—for a lifetime.

pneumatic filler

A flick of the finger—and pen flushes and fills in one swift downstroke.

***the world-famous Sheaffer Snorkel Pen filler**

Wiping nib, wiping barrel—a thing of the past! Sheaffer filling tube reaches down beyond nib, drinks the ink, retracts!

14-carat gold feather-touch nib

A marvel of delicate precision and strength.

matching sets

'Ensembles'—pen and pencil; 'threesomes'—pen, pencil and ballpoint. In handsome gift cases.

Skrip

The finest ink for the finest pens.

Sheaffer's

Snorkel pens from
£3.12.0 to 9½ guineas

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. (England) Ltd, Barnet, Herts,
Great Britain U.S.A. Canada Australia





BRITISH OXYGEN COMPANY

MODERATE INCREASE IN PROFITS

EXPENDITURE TO MEET GROWING DEMAND

MR. J. S. HUTCHISON'S SPEECH

The 70th Annual General Meeting of The British Oxygen Company, Ltd., was held on April 25 in London.

Mr. J. S. Hutchison, Chairman of the Company, in the course of his speech, said: The Consolidated Profit at £4,277,152 after charging Depreciation of £2,015,484 includes the profit of the Subsidiary Companies for twelve months and the profit of the Parent Company Industrial Medical and Chemicals activities in the United Kingdom for nine months, to 30th September 1955. Profits in 1954, adjusted to corresponding periods would have been £4,168,369. Accordingly there has been a moderate increase in the profit earned in the period of these Accounts.

In accordance with the indication given last year the Ordinary Dividend payment has been maintained at the full rate of 15% without adjustment for the shorter period of operation to 30th September 1955. The special basis applied in these particular circumstances does not carry any implication as to future dividend rates.

CAPITAL REQUIREMENTS:

We have experienced over a period of years a steady growth in demand for our products for general industrial purposes. Bigger outputs of steel have led to bigger demands for industrial gases and particularly for oxygen. In the next few months, to meet this, we shall complete the installation of a series of 50-ton per day liquid oxygen plants as standard production units and the capital cost already incurred and to be incurred to bring this significant additional capacity into use with buildings, services, vehicles, and associated equipment will lie in the neighbourhood of £3,000,000.

New and greatly increased targets were recently announced for United Kingdom steel production up to 1962 and we must look to the production capacity we shall have to create over that period to meet the resultant call on us for supplies of oxygen and other gases. The extension we shall require to make in the period may be considerable.

There has been a rapid advance too, in which we have played a prominent part, in the use of oxygen in steelmaking for pre-treatment, for assisted melting, for assisted refining in open hearth practice and for blast enrichment in the Bessemer process. Sales for such purposes which were 274 million cubic feet in 1954 are now at a rate of 700 million cubic feet per annum. Our technical contribution in this development is a full one and the prospect is that to-day's figures will quickly be dwarfed by the scale on which the steel industry now intends to apply these processes. The stage has been reached, as many will be aware, of our installation of specially sited "tonnage" oxygen producing plants to provide the very large continuous supplies required by the steelworks for process use and we announced recently initial projects for the development of two new works at a cost of £1,000,000 with 200-ton per day oxygen plants at Scunthorpe and Middlesbrough to serve in the most economic way important users in these areas.

CONSIDERABLE EXPENDITURE ENVISAGED

These capital expenditures are considerable and although our Ordinary Share Issue of last year furnished an addition to our resources of £4,000,000 after repayment of our former £4,000,000 loan, we must look to the fact that we have further very necessary expenditure to meet. Towards this our total depreciation provisions and profit retentions amounting to some £3,000,000 per annum make a substantial contribution. The programme ahead, however, to meet the requirements I have indicated and for other tonnage oxygen supplies, will go beyond these resources and it will be appreciated that the conjunction of the three factors of firm general growth in use of industrial gases, the greatly increased steel programme,

and the new steelworks' demand for process use, will focus for us considerable expenditure into the next two or three years.

The requirement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the other hand, is for the deferment of capital expenditure which does not have the element of urgency in relation to current needs. It means the postponement of many items which are desirable in our general facilities which do not meet this stipulation and a strict control of the development projects that do. The situation cannot be precisely defined at this stage and the Directors accordingly have the subject of Capital Expenditure programmes and Capital resources under very close review.

GAS DIVISION—INDUSTRIAL AND MEDICAL

Earnings from our business in the United Kingdom were adversely affected in the period by heavy cost increases in three main directions—electricity, wages and salaries. Electricity forms a very large part of our oxygen production cost, and wages and salaries have heavy effect in every branch of handling, distributing and general organization. The sharp increases we had to face in the period in these basic items had an impact on margins quite beyond any benefit experienced from greater scale of operation or improvement of plant and methods and we have had no option but to increase selling prices. We continue to make every endeavour to keep a tight rein on costs and to hold selling prices but there are limits to what we can do in face of these recurrent increases which are part and parcel of the inflationary situation.

OVERSEAS INTERESTS

Experience overseas in 1955 was favourable throughout, with continuing increase in demand for our products and improvement in earnings from a steady expansion of sales.

PROSPECTS

British Oxygen Gases Ltd., which now operates the industrial and medical gas business and handles the sale of gas equipment in the United Kingdom, is experiencing a favourable progression of sales with, I am glad to say, no perceptible effect from the present lessened activity in certain sections of industry. The home business has in recent years, and particularly in the last nine months, been very much subject to the effect of cost increases. Provided we can avoid further inflationary cost increases, I am confident that British Oxygen Gases Ltd. should at least hold its own and gain some additional reward for the appreciable increase in business expected to be transacted.

Our Electric Welding interests continue to grow and this expansion should be maintained against a background of increasing industrial interest in modern welding techniques.

British Oxygen Chemicals Ltd. is consolidating its position and may offer us a modest improvement.

Our Overseas Associated Companies report favourable current trading and good prospects. Subject to a necessary reservation as to the possible effect of political factors in certain countries, it is probable that overseas profits will again show expansion this year.

1956 has many new features for our organization and the national background also is subject to important change. The circumstances make it unwise to try to see too far ahead or to do other than take a general view. My expectation is that the general expansion in trading which is our experience at present will find some favourable reflection in next year's accounts.

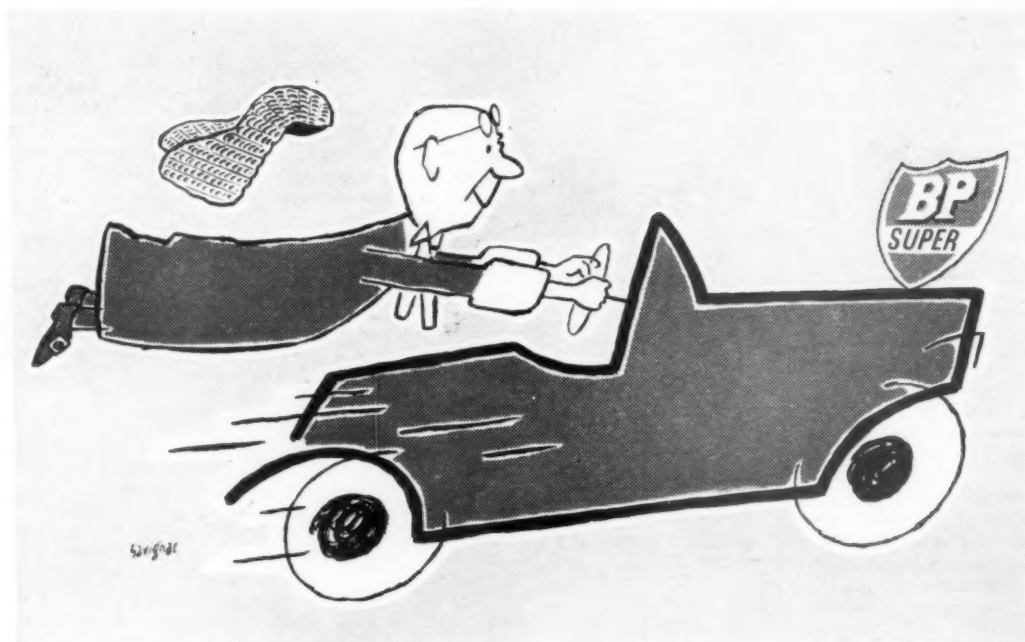
The report was adopted and the Board's capital proposals were approved.

CARR v. HILL

BEFORE MR. JUSTICE DRIVER

Verdict:

CHANGE UP TO
BP Super!



THERE'S a sound case for using BP Super, whatever make and year of car you run.

BP Super peps up performance from the very first fill. Smoother, swifter

acceleration. Easier hill-climbing. Greater freedom from engine-knock. More energy per gallon and more miles per shilling. That's what you get when you become a BP Superman!

THE PETROL WITH MORE ENERGY PER GALLON

THE BP SHIELD IS THE TRADE-MARK OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED





THEIR Lordships, the Board of Admiralty, note with concern that an American officer, as a result of a successful appearance on a television quiz programme, has been promoted Director of Naval Intelligence. They wish to state that in this country channels one, eight or nine will not be regarded as usual for promotion purposes.

Pass the Honeyed Words

SIR ANTHONY EDEN will go to Moscow with a sense of advantage over his two



recent guests in London: there will be no risk of dinner-party rudeness from members of the Opposition.

Too Late Now

WHEN Miss Anscombe, a don at Somerville, protested that Mr. Truman's order to drop the Hiroshima bomb ruled him out as a candidate for an honorary D.C.L. she admitted that the decision had taken courage, but wondered what he had had to lose. "I should like to think that he had one thing to lose, and that was the chance of an honorary degree at Oxford." As Mr. E. M. Forster might have put it: "If I had the choice of losing my honorary degree or the war, I hope I should have the guts to lose the war."

Equal Say

REPORTS say that when Mrs. Fisher was speaking as president of a British Council of Churches meeting her husband interrupted her to put in a word about those old Premium Bonds. It seems pretty unreasonable for the Archbishop to oppose the Government-

sponsored flutter when he has obviously drawn a winner in the biggest lottery of all.

'Rah for Roedean

GALLOPING late but loud into the U v. non-U lists the *Daily Express* has reviewed the whole affair through the dark bright eyes of Miss Spain, and attracted letters from a prominent painter, a famous actor, a viscount's daughter and Sir Robert Boothby, M.P. The one point not yet covered is whether it is U or non-U to write letters to the *Daily Express*.

Pity a Poor Neutral

RUSSIAN credits to Yugoslavia equivalent to about \$300,000,000 were mentioned at Washington hearings of the House Foreign Affairs committee, and described by an American spokesman as part of the Soviet Union's



campaign to bring Tito back "into the Soviet spider's web." It is not known exactly how to describe the American contribution to Yugoslavia since 1948, which amounts to about \$1,000,000,000: there may or may not be any U.S. spider's web, but at any rate it proves that there are no flies on Tito.

Nuttingness

"So soon after the recent visitation," said Mr. Anthony Nutting at a luncheon to Herr von Brentano, "it is a joy to hear not only an ally and a friend, but also to know that when that ally and friend says the same things as we say, it means the same things as we do."

Grammar apart, it is the reference to the "recent visitation" that fascinates, prompting the question whether Marshal Bulganin meant the same thing as Sir Anthony Eden when they both signed a statement saying "The talks have been conducted on both sides in a spirit of candour."

Cat Among the Handouts

PUBLIC Relations Officers are still gasping for breath after Sir John Elliot's heretical assertion that their function "is not to form a screen between an undertaking and the public." This strikes at the very foundations of the public relations system. Sir John's own P.R.O.s at London Transport are of course hardest hit of all, especially by his remark: "When someone makes a request to London Transport something must be done about it." It could mean the end of that dear old routine letter explaining that nothing can.

Horse Laugh

BRIGHTER and catchier overseas sales techniques are being urged on our manufacturers from all sides, and a British cigarette firm is to be congratulated on doing its bit by flying a century-old stage coach to New York,



where it will be employed on a delivery round. The only danger is that it may be taken for part of our automobile export drive.

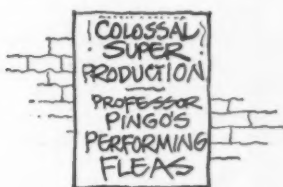
No Change

LABOUR's sixpenny dreadful, "Political Education, A plan for the

Labour Party," assures readers that there will be "no attempt to tell people what to think or what to discuss." Party members, though blushing prettily at the compliment to their political maturity, really expected nothing different by now.

No Crowding

NEW York's long-awaited Coliseum is open at last, a thirty-five-million-dollar show place, the biggest building ever, described by Mayor Wagner as a



modern wonder of the world and providing display space for four simultaneous exhibitions occupying three hundred and ninety-one thousand square feet. Chief among the inaugural exhibits was a British Guiana one-cent stamp.

Hair-Raising

HEALTH authorities are concerned at the juvenile boom in cowboys-and-Indians, which led the other week to one player's being tied to a clothes-post and "burnt at the stake." Parents hope that Mr. Turton will step in, if only to release a consignment of redundant National Health Service wigs for scalping scenes.

Robin the Rich

TRADITIONALISTS, learning that Britain has sold America a series of television films about Robin Hood for "about £1,500,000," are delighted to hear that the good old Sherwood Forest technique remains unchanged through the centuries.

St. Marx and All Engels

To draw in members of the proletariat whose only chance of May Day fun is to march in Communist processions the Pope has instituted the feast of "St. Joseph the Worker" to be celebrated annually on May 1st. The announcement carried no acknowledgment to Sir David Eccles for his recent Bull saying "We are all working-class now."

THAT DINNER

QUIET flowed the bubbly. Across the stilly silver of the April Thames no sound was heard except that of a distant telephone and Mr. Morgan Phillips remorselessly answering it. In the Harcourt Room alone were being played out the elements of a pageant, tense with drama. What was it that really happened? This is an Empire paper. It has never been our general policy to speak politely of foreigners. But to attack foreigners who cannot hit back is one thing. To insult foreigners who are quite strong enough to kick us in the teeth and who would be prepared to do so, if provoked, is another. Such an unrealistic policy we have never supported.

Now, whatever differences there may be, there seems to be no doubt at all that Mr. George Brown did not come into the room on all fours, nor did he make any attempt whatsoever to kiss the boots of the distinguished guests who were good enough to dine, albeit under protest, at his expense. What was far worse was that, when Mr. Khrushchev was explaining how British troops co-operated with the Nazis in the invasion of Russia during the last war, Mr. Brown rudely interrupted him to correct his facts. Whether Mr. Khrushchev's facts were pedantically correct or not, Mr. Brown should have understood that Mr. Khrushchev is not accustomed to our Western methods of debate and no more relishes being caught out in a lie than does a capitalist multi-millionaire at his own dinner-table. The only difference is that the millionaire's dinner-table is at least his own, whereas Mr. Khrushchev's dinner-table was somebody else's.

What is more, when Mr. Khrushchev went on to speak of the possibility that the Russians might ally themselves with the Germans against us once more, it was surely not asking too much of the Members present that they should realize that the price of peace was an unconditional acceptance of everything that their guests said. That being so, anyone who wantonly suggested that the British had a point of view was irresponsibly endangering the success of the negotiations. Particularly inept was it to take the occasion to bring up the fate of certain alleged foreigners, who are said, on we know not what evidence, to have vanished, to have been murdered or tortured or to be now serving sentences in prison camps. It was not to be expected that the guests would take kindly to such crude interferences in their internal affairs, and indeed they were bound to see in it a sinister hint that some objection might be taken in certain irresponsible circles in this country, when—as will of course happen if the negotiations progress favourably—at some future stage they themselves submit the list of British citizens whom it is in the public interest to liquidate.

Particularly unfortunate was Mr. Brown's use of the expression "May God forgive you." The word "God" may have its place in communiqués concerning negotiations with Western statesmen, but such unguarded and provocative expressions could hardly fail to give offence to our Eastern friends.

C. H.

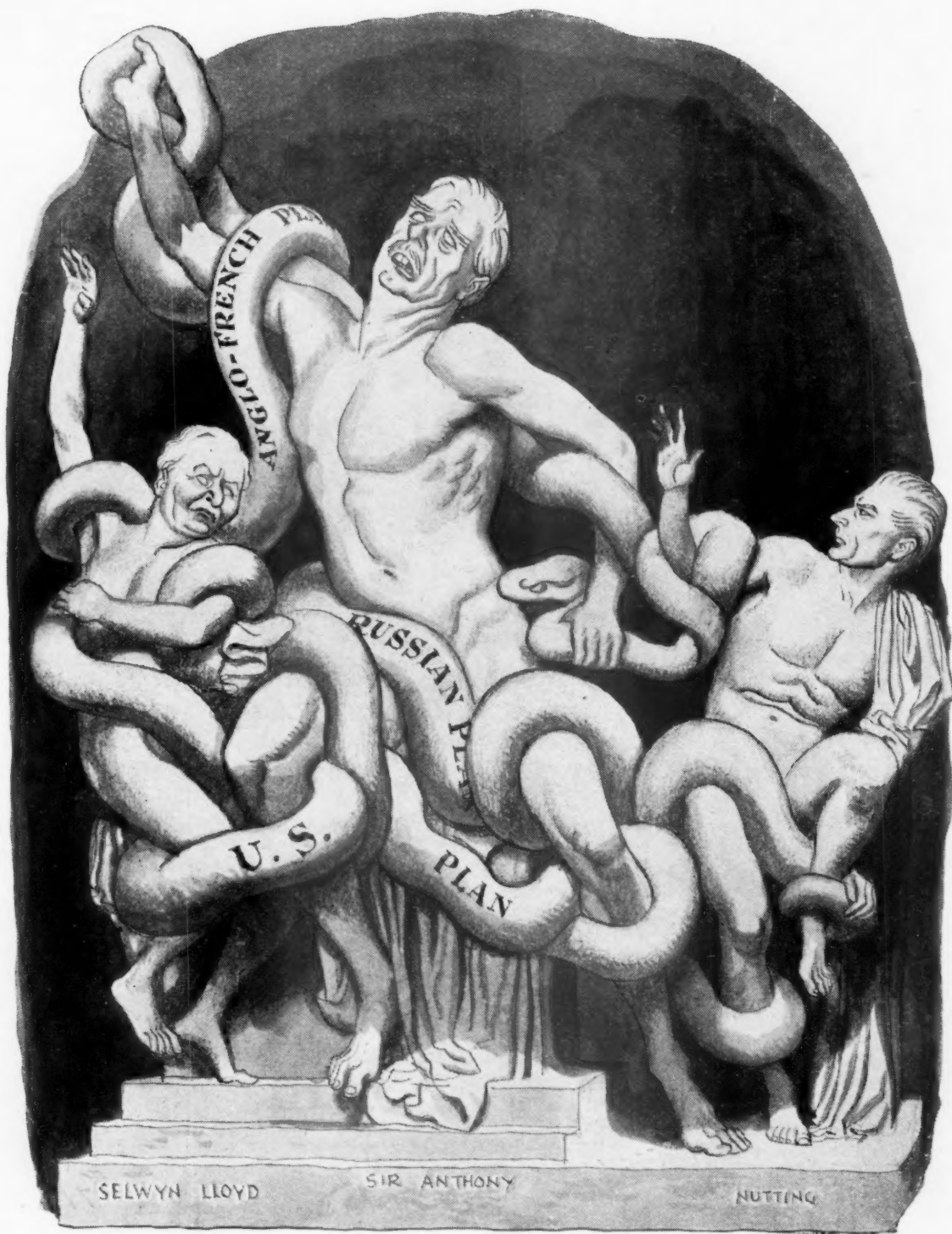
The Englishman

WHEN spiking a gun
Or subduing the Hun,
When beating the Boer or the black,
He cried as he died
For a place in the sun—
"Three cheers for the Union Jack!"

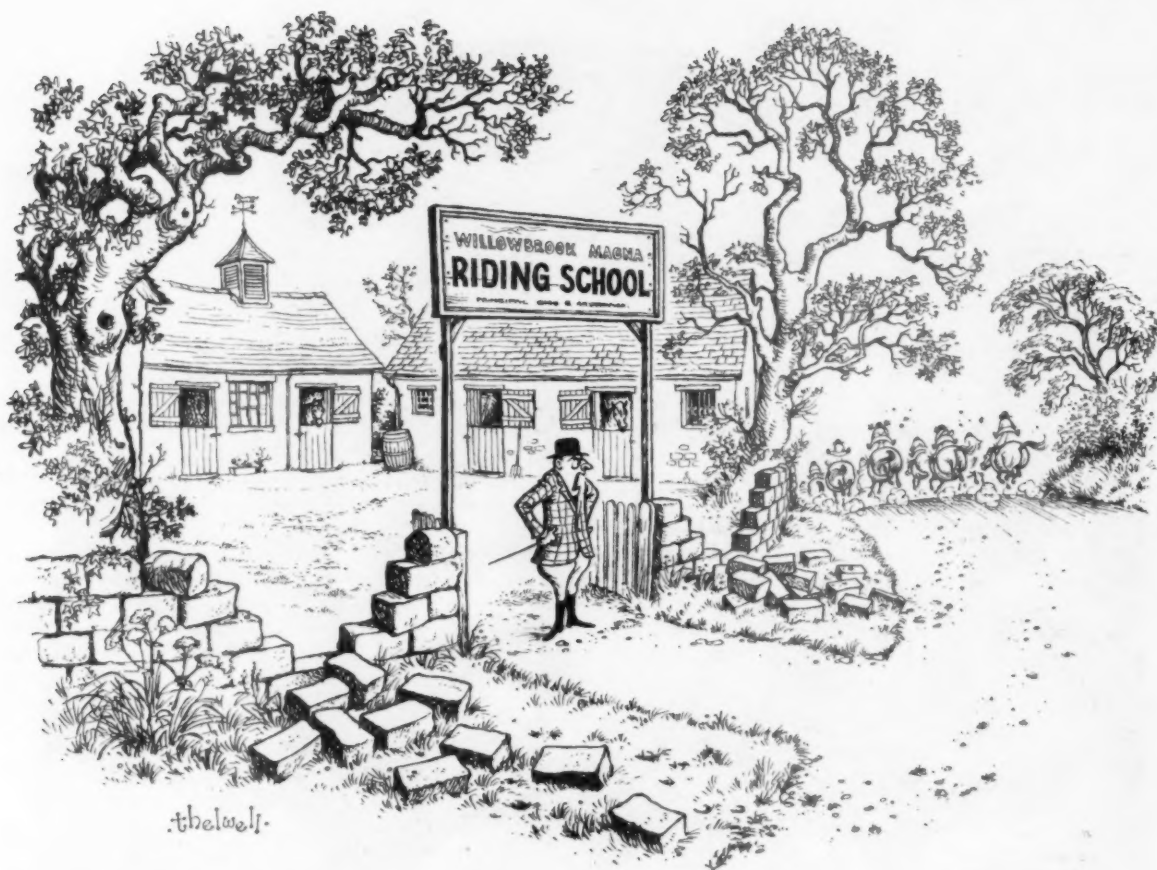
But now when he fights
(On the left) for his rights
Whoever his standard attacks,
And the foe's at the gate
He'll shout to his mate
"Three cheers for the Union,
Jack!"

MARK BEVAN





"I would admit these disarmament discussions are in a certain tangled state."—Sir Anthony Eden



Unenchanted Evening

By R. G. G. PRICE

MUSICALS used to be set in sugar-plum states, where it was always either hot sun or sparkling frost and the poor existed to dance at fairs. Since the war, America, where the trends come from, has changed all that. The modern musical has shifted from the remote to the local, from the timeless to the period, from the romantic to the frumpish, from the plot that is vestigial to the plot that is obtrusive. The change had to come. There would have been too painful a contrast between the dream Balkans, where all hussars have shapely calves, and the real Rumania or Bulgaria, with the secret police wearing mackintoshes; or indeed, between casinos where the evening dress is always faultless and casinos where the open-necked shoot craps. In the modern as in the older musical, songs remain ultra-extrinsic, despite all the earnest

illumination of national history and geography.

So far, Britain has not really taken full advantage of the new freedom. This is wasteful. Whole areas of the country's history are now available for light entertainment that used to be usable only for problem plays produced by Miss Horniman. E.g.—

ACT I. SCENE 3

(The varnish factory in Clapham. Reprise of "That Clapham Sect Was Most Certainly Correct.")

FATHER CHAD: Look alive, lad. Ply the steimpl-gauges. Raise the pressure. What are you dreaming about?

JOS: *A little bit of loving in a great big pie.*

A little bit of kissing in the by and by.

A little bit of sunlight in the wide blue sky.

And high.

And how.

You and I.

We'll build a nest in the west of—

FATHER CHAD: That reminds me of the time I was Assistant Treasurer of the Temperance Brotherhood of Varnish and Allied Resin Workers, coupled with the post of Stipend-Deacon in the Strict Wailers' Tabernacle. Lord Shaftesbury had just said at Salford—

LUCY (entering coldly): Sales are down again. Russia's thrust towards the warm sea ports has hampered our export drive. Corn prices have fallen and the farm is ceasing to pay. I am reducing wages.

FATHER CHAD: No good ever came of that, that I've heard of.

OLD MOSES: Before or after the Chapel Reading?

LUCY: Oh, if only I had a man at my side to tell me.

The haycock is nearing completion.

The haycock is nearing completion.

If only I knew that a man in my pew—

[*Irruption of SECTARIES.*

LILITH FRITH: We bring you tidings of great joy.

OMNES: Oh, boy!

LILITH FRITH: The attempt to open the Natural History Museum on the Sabbath hath been defeated and Varnish-making hath been declared a Sweated Industry by the Trade Board.

OMNES: Bless the Lord!

LILITH FRITH: The hinds and artisans of Clapham have been narrowly scrutinized by Brother Booth.

LUCY: Charles or William?

LILITH FRITH: The less musical one. The Chapel Reading will be preceded by an economic questionnaire.

OMNES: Begone and cark elsewhere, care!

FATHER CHAD (*inflating his chest as though for a long, bass song*):

Buzz-saw, crank-shaft, fan-belt and sprocket.

Ringlet, brown eyes, tambourine and locket.

Take that drum down to Brixton Hill and hock it,

For the Rea . . . ding's nigh!

OMNES: Amen.

FATHER CHAD: Drateback, bounty, tariff and du . . .

OMNES: Amen.

(*During some mixed singing and dancing the scene closes.*)

ACT II. SCENE 3

(*By a bandstand on Clapham Common. Dotted about on soapboxes are a Secularist, a Defender of the Principles of 1832 and an Exponent of Rational Dress for Women. Enter from opposite directions LORD WILLIAM, a masher and guardee, and MRS. SPENCER-FANE, the worst type of fashionable woman.*)

LORD WILLIAM: Fancy meeting you the wong side of the wiver.

MRS. SPENCER-FANE: If I am there, it is the right side, Bingo.

They dance to the music of the band.

LORD WILLIAM: I'm romantic and rich and regrettable.

MRS. SPENCER-FANE: I'm dashing and quite unforgettable.

BOTH: We're a most reprehensible pair . . .

SPOUTERS: . . . throat of that size . . . completing the Glorious Revolution . . . spare piece of elastic.

LORD WILLIAM: . . . or disproportionate

BOTH: Dinner for two at Kew.

Enter LILITH FRITH and SECTARIES.

LORD WILLIAM: Woughs!

LILITH FRITH: Gather ye round and I'll tell ye all

What at the junketing did befall.

There wasn't no sin that didn't get sinned

Since this universe done begunned.

There wasn't no caper that didn't get cut.

Since this old universe got in its rut.

Hallelujah! It were gay;

But there come the Judgment Day.

OMNES (*including LORD WILLIAM and MRS. SPENCER-FANE, for bulk*):

Hallelujah! It were gay;

But there come the Judgment Day.

LILITH FRITH: There was drinking of gooseberry wine,

Fermented liquours straight from the vine.

There was eating of partridge pie.

May the Lord take me if I lie.

OMNES: *May the Lord take her if we lie.*

LILITH FRITH: *There was dancing, a shameless step.*

RATIONAL DRESSER: *Take off your skirt and it gives you pep.*

LILITH FRITH: *The Lord sent down a storm of rain.*

SECULARIST: *Then the sun drew it up again.*

LILITH FRITH: *Hiding from the wrath caused a frightful tussle.*

DEFENDER OF THE PRINCIPLES OF 1832: *Pray for the soul of Lord John Russell.*

LILITH FRITH: *O sinners take your chains and snap 'em.*

OMNES: *And hope for a Blessing right here in Clapham.*

ACT III. SCENE 3

(*The chapel. Characters come on, stand about and go off. The décor is drab and the dress sober, an economy in itself.*)

JOS: Would you settle for week-end



"You don't know what you're missing."



rates of a time and seven-twelfths, darling?

LUCY: Deductions for burial insurance at the standard rate less half itself, my sweetest?

JOS: Lucy!

LUCY: Jos!

BOTH: *Why did they never tell us what it felt like*

To fall in love?

Why did they never warn us we should melt like

Ice when the sun's above?

Don't they know?

Then we must tell them so.

Love is an ecstasy.

Love is a golden key.

Love is a humming-bird.

Love is a minor-third.

JOS: *Love is the stars in the sky.*

LUCY: *Love is the smile in an eye.*

BOTH: *Love is a band passing by.*

That's love.

(The rest of the cast have meanwhile assembled.)

FATHER CHAD: First Statistics, then Tea, then the Reading.

JOS: Taking the datum line as 100, then February 23rd is equivalent to 93.

OMNES: Well done, lad. Let Mr. Nosey-Parker Booth put that in his funnels and smoke it.

FATHER CHAD: During the Pouring, the Minutes of the last meeting will be read.

SISTER ELSPETH: ... That a Resolution be forwarded to the Divisional Branch supporting the proposed amendment to Clause 243 of the Constitution ... motion that Reverend Hawkins be condoled with ... moved the reference back of the condoling with Reverend Hawkins. ... Jumble sale to raise jumble sale

organiser's honorarium. ... Mice in big drum. ...

FATHER CHAD: Before the Reading I call on myself for a ballad.

OMNES: Ineluctable Father Chad!

FATHER CHAD: *Once I took a fancy, I don't know why,*

To wander down the Wandle till the stream ran dry.

I looked in at the windows and I called to the folk;

But the people would not hear me.

The people never spoke.

The people waved me on along the wet, wet Wandle

And my socks began to soak.

You can tell a Clapham man in Wandsworth

By the way he walks so proud.

You can tell a Clapham man in Heaven

By the freedom he's allowed.

LILITH FRITH: The Reading is taken from the *Essay on Southey's Edition of the Pilgrim's Progress* by Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay. "In the wildest parts of Scotland the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the delight of the peasantry. In—"

LUCY: Stop! The balance of trade has turned in our favour. My friends, I was about to debase your wages. At a sacrifice I allow them to remain as they are, a sacrifice I freely make for my new Manager.

FATHER CHAD: Jos, I suppose. Well, you'll have to let him know the secret formula.

LUCY and JOS: *We'll build a nest in the west of...*

OMNES: *Reprise of "Solvent, Solvent," "I'm Gunning for Satan," "Old Zachary's Boy," "It Had to be Love" and "We'll Get that Firm Right Out of the Red."*

CURTAIN





"It's leaking."

Memorials of his Time

The Intruder

By CLAUD COCKBURN

ACROSS a couple of pages of the new biography of Sir Roger Casement, by Mr. René MacColl, fleets the figure of "a certain Major Arbuthnot"—offering, as he does so, a glimpse of what seems to be one of the few humane characters on stage during the savage last act in London of that terrifying melodrama.

When the friends and relatives are being driven from pillar to post, unable to find out from the wooden-faced bureaucrats even where they are keeping the prisoner, this "certain Major" suddenly appears, tells them with common decency where the man is and what clothes he needs. And later, when they want to have a few minutes alone with the condemned man in the Tower, the Major breaks all the regulations and grants the request.

Although neither the friends and relatives nor Mr. MacColl knew this, some of Casement's last hours in the Tower before execution were occupied in conversation with this same Major of the Scots Guards who, partly because to do so was, for him, irresistible, and

partly to ease the loathsome relationship of prisoner and warder, spent the time making a portrait of the doomed Casement and discussing it with him in a manner to suggest that after all there are more interesting things in life for civilized men to think about than the accident of one of them getting hanged for treason.

It seemed to me, years later—around 1950—when Major Arbuthnot, who was my wife's father, told me of it, to be one of the few alleviating episodes in an otherwise wholly horrible series of events. But I have to admit that, despite the interest of the story, I was a little distracted during the telling of it by the fact that all the time on a table beside us was lying a telephone receiver through which a distant voice at intervals clacked, screeched, and seemed to implore.

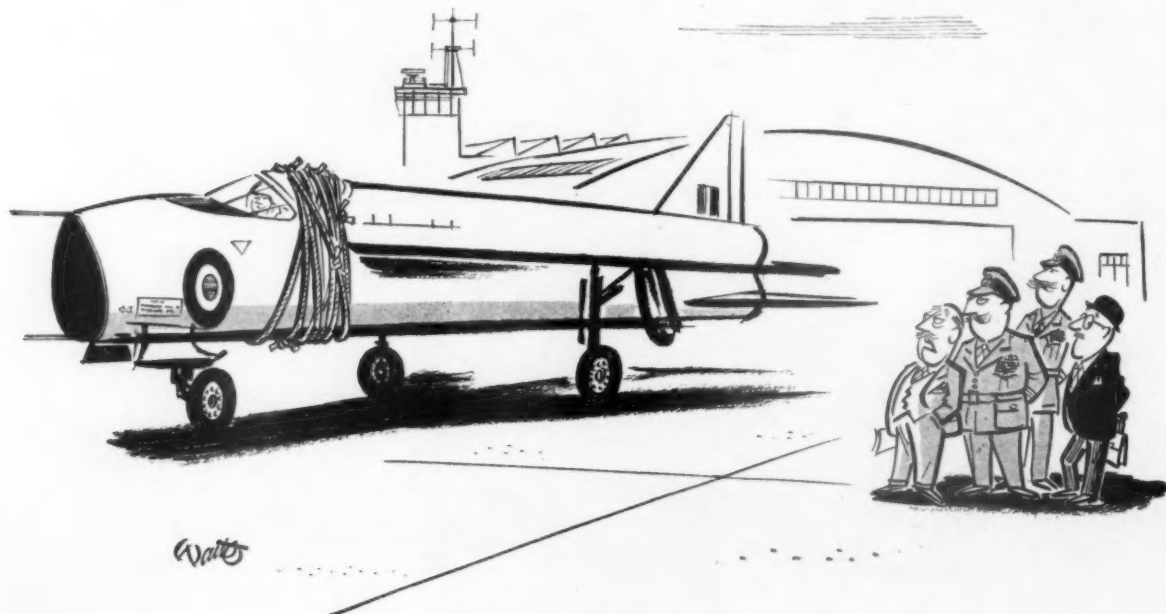
Our conversation was taking place in the library of Major Arbuthnot's house in Youghal, Ireland—a library occupied some centuries before by a man who also passed later through the Tower to execution, namely Sir Walter Ralegh, then Mayor of Youghal.

A question of mine about the Casement portrait, which apparently had been stored for years in the attic and had now been hung on the library wall, had elicited the Major's account of its origin, and until this was over I managed to suppress my curiosity about the disregarded telephone receiver and the audible but not quite intelligible appeals of the voice at the other end of the line.

At length came a moment when it was convenient to draw attention to it. Did he, I asked the Major, notice that the receiver was off the cradle and someone seemed to be wanting to talk with him?

"Oh, that," he said comfortably, "is the *Daily Express* office in London. They rang up an hour or so ago wanting me to tell them whether you had joined the Roman Catholic Church, or else to supply them with some comments on yourself in your capacity as an ex-notorious Red. Awfully intrusive."

The Dublin Correspondent of the *Daily Express* had, as a matter of fact, already rung me up, also wishing to know whether I had joined the Roman Catholic Church. I had been on, so to



"Had a little trouble losing cockpit canopies, but I think we've mastered it."

speak, the intrusive end of that sort of conversation often enough to know that if you give a really good newspaperman an inch he is capable of giving you about seven printed inches of hell, so I said "No comment, no story." Nevertheless he insisted that he should drive the couple of hundred miles from Dublin to see me. I urged him—as one newspaperman to another—to consider whether he would be able to justify the expense account, and he said that the London office was crazy about the story and he thought he had better come.

The Major and I finally hung up and, the day being clement, went and sat in the pond garden, out of earshot in case they rang again. We could be confident that if the butler answered it the resulting confusion would be sufficient to baffle even the skilled men of the *Daily Express*.

But the correspondent from Dublin did appear, in not one but two taxicabs, the second filled with a photographer and his apparatus. The correspondent proved to be a very nice man indeed and when, after a couple of drinks off the record, he said it seemed a pity that I still kept saying "No comment, no story," I began to feel badly about his expense sheet. Finally we put together a piece which, next day, filled the whole of the William Hickey column.

In exchange for my mild co-operation he agreed to let me off the photographer—the more readily, no doubt, since he had had opportunity to note that photogenic is one of the things I am not specially.

Unfortunately the photographer was a tremendously keen and energetic young Dubliner who possibly had had a slight over-dose of American newspaper films, and seemed to feel that he was being done out of his big moment. He pretended to agree to the "no pictures" arrangement, but lurked; and, when the correspondent drove away to Dublin, pursued me up hill and down dale.

I ducked him and got into the house by a secret route, but a half-hour later heard imprecations and general uproar. Rushing to an upper window I saw that a girl who at that time worked with us had suddenly espied the keen young man squatting in semi-concealment just inside the back gate, his camera trained on the house.

With a vague idea that he must be up



"You may not think it, but with them everything's sex."

to no good—invasion of landed privacy by the vulgar Anglo-Saxon press, I gathered later—she had snatched up a pitchfork which chanced to be resting against the stable wall, and charged.

I was extremely alarmed—partly because I thought it might be disadvantageous for me if the *Daily Express* got a picture of my landed privacy being defended by a girl with a pitchfork, and partly for the more altruistic reason that I knew, which he did not, that she was one of the champion female hurley players and all-round athletes of the neighbourhood, and if she got anywhere near him with that pitchfork he was done for.

I yelled so loud that his taxi-driver took fright and, so far as I could see, almost forcibly yanked him out of the gate, slammed it in the girl's face, and drove off. I followed leisurely to tell Major Arbuthnot that probably it was now safe to leave the garden and return to the library.

This he was glad to do, as the afternoon had by now turned chilly, and he was in any case, as he told me, anxious to complete a lampoon on the then Archbishop of Canterbury with whom he had recently had a row in the Carlton Club on the subject of an ecclesiastica: appointment to which the Major had taken sharp exception.

No Atoms, by Request

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

NUCLEAR power is a fine thing, everyone is agreed on that; and everyone wants a wealth of it as soon as possible, to heat homes, drive boats, dry hay, fatten the pay packet and increase leisure. The only difficulty is that no one wants a nuclear power station.

The reason is not clear. At any rate it is never made explicit. No civic dignitary, moving the almost statutory objection to a proposal for cooling towers on the recreation ground, expresses in so many words the fear that the thing will blow up and incinerate the district. He has to think of something else.

Amenity springs readily to mind. A consultation with the Surveyor will often throw up a handful of local views, any one of which will be ruined by a sudden nuclear power station. But where this won't work—Dudley and Walsall, for instance, would have difficulty in making out a case—real ingenuity has to be exercised. The objection has to be one which seizes popular interest, otherwise the Press isn't going to touch the thing with a barge-pole; and what's the use of lodging objections if no one knows about them except the twenty-three people who attend the protest meeting and the well-known Mr. H. W. Grimmitt, chief engineering inspector of the electricity division of the Ministry of Fuel and Power? No use at all. Emotions must be stirred.

In this it is to be questioned whether the residents of Bradwell-on-Sea, Essex,

were wise to seize on oysters. "Fears for Bradwell Oysters," said *The Times*, admittedly, but in a modestly brief report. Readers of the mightier organs could hardly raise a mutter of interest. At five bob a half-dozen, and out of season half the time, oysters occupied no vital place in their hearts. A spark might more readily have been ignited if the proposed Bradwell Power Station had threatened redundancy among local gasworkers, or encroached on the vegetable garden of a popular footballer. But oysters—who cares?

Nevertheless, the objectors had put their hand to the bivalve and could not turn back. In the circumstances a fair case was made out at the official inquiry. Marine biologists were brought to the witness stand. Representatives of the West Mersea Oyster Merchants and Inshore Fishermen spoke up stoutly, and, in the words of *The Times* report, "molluscs, plankton, and spatting were debated."

This was a shrewd move. For some reason plankton is an assured interest-rouser, and there were some keen exchanges in the court room.

"How long does plankton live?" asked the representative of the Central Electricity Authority.

"Some live about a year."

"What happens when they die?"

"They get eaten."

But after that the drama sagged again, perhaps because the question of molluscs and spatting was not, after all, gone into.

Loyal as ever to a burning topic, *The Times* took the affair up again the next day, with further reports under the heading:

EFFECTS OF NUCLEAR POWER STATION
Fears of Teredo Worm and Gribble.

Those following the story began to wonder whether the Bradwell-on-Sea residents weren't barking up a pretty forlorn creek here. When you start asking people to balance the advantages of nuclear-powered floor-polishers and carrot-scrappers against the doubtful menaces of teredo worm and gribble your platform shows signs of creaking. It was Mr. J. B. Herbert, Q.C., who, no doubt ineptly briefed, brought up these two points. A little ashamed to base his whole case on them, however, he threw them into a potpourri of objections

which included the expression of "anxiety about a proposed wall," and a mention of "the upheaval to rural life." It is doubtful if his learned friend, Mr. H. W. Gribble—Grimmitt, I should say—was much swayed. Mr. John Betjeman was then brought in, fresh from the Imperial Institute. He had nothing to say about oysters—which by this time, as a matter of fact, were slipping back unobtrusively into their beds. What he did say was this:

"The country here is very delicate and unassuming."

The adjectives could be well applied to Mr. Betjeman himself, who no doubt meant much the same as Mr. Willis, Q.C., when he had said earlier, for the opposite side: "No one can say that the site on which the power station is to be constructed is a beauty spot." Some Bradwell residents, very possibly, are asking whether Mr. Betjeman's journey was really necessary.

Then oysters were abandoned for good. Someone went off into a spirited tirade about pests which would thrive in atomic effluent and would "destroy unpainted wood." And they put a man from the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds on the witness stand, and he told them of the very serious effect which a power station would have on the feeding habits of the Brent goose.

After that it seemed as if most of the heavy artillery on the objectors' side had been expended. However, I ought to mention that the inquiry reopens this week, so readers of this paper who are also readers of *The Times* may be in possession of new facts. Among them, I hope, will be an explanation of what a Central Electricity Authority expert meant last week when he said that once the station was up Bradwellians "would have a very pleasant surprise."

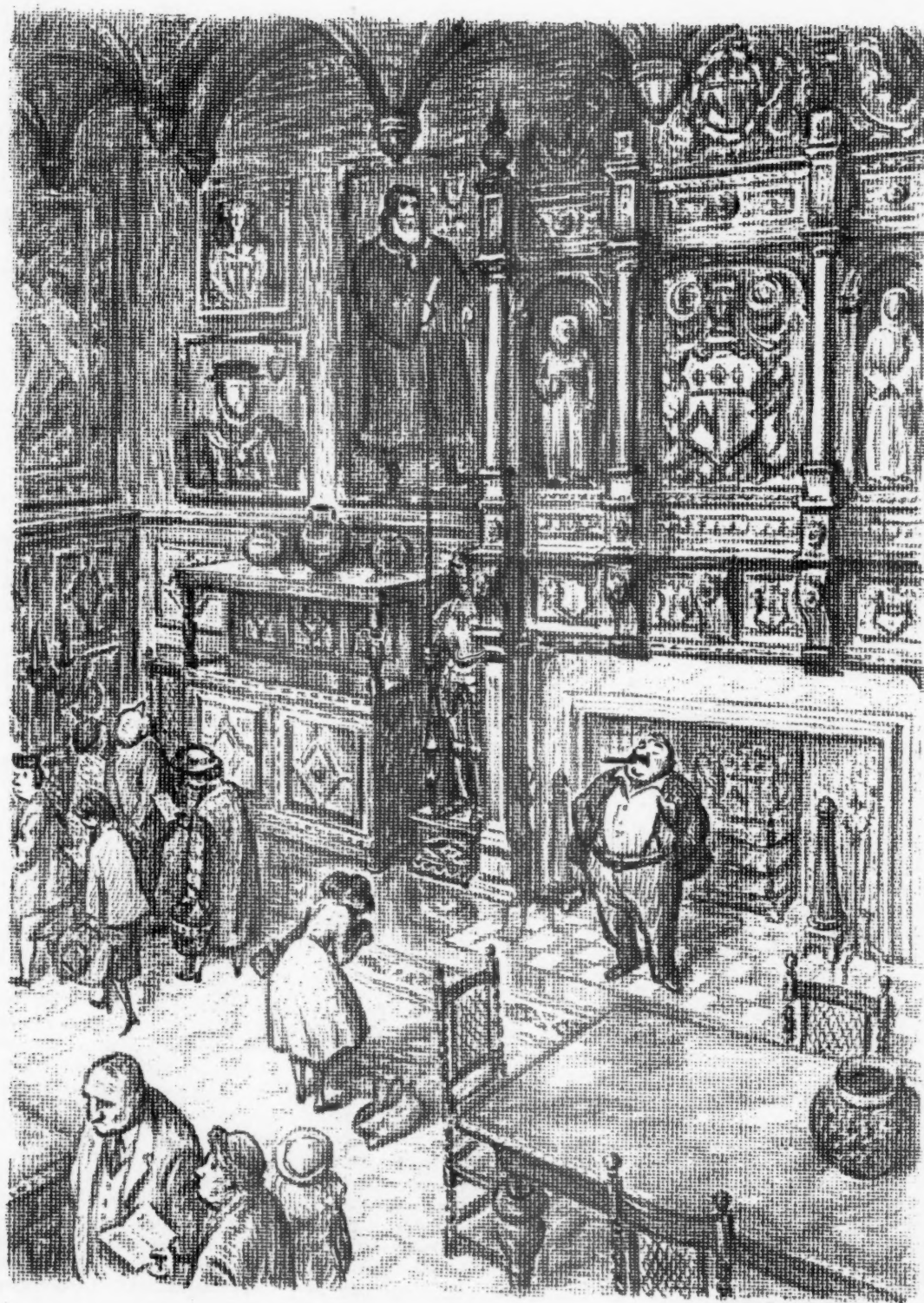
Perhaps he's going to break it to them that the costs of the inquiry, including Q.C.s and witnesses remunerated through rates on one side and taxes on the other, won't be a penny more than £10,000.

Arts of Peace

"KHRUSHCHEV: TO KNIT TIES WITH EGYPT."

The Jerusalem Post





Silence



Cartwright at the Children's Party

By OLIVIA MANNING

IN theory Cartwright is a lover of children. When trapped with them he will dispense sixpences and inquire about trains, teddy-bears and progress at school, but he usually escapes before any real demands can be made on him. Those mothers who imagine all large, good-natured men were born to compère children's parties find Cartwright would be willing enough were it not for some important previous engagement.

Recently, one of his friends, an Irish doctor named Flynn, father of three wild children, said to him "I'm expecting you to back me up at my kid's firework party on Thursday."

Taken unawares, Cartwright said "Of course," then, regaining himself, added "I doubt if I can get away. I'm seeing a film man about a script."

"No, you're not," said Flynn, "you're sharing a bottle of the hard tack in my study. I'll expect you about

six. The women will organize the party. We're only expected to deal with the fireworks."

"In that case," said Cartwright, "I may be able to make it."

When he reached the house the party had been under way for some time. Passing the dining-room door, he saw the women clearing the tea-table. They looked, he thought, cowed. A tremendous din was coming from the sitting-room. Before Cartwright could get into the study a procession of children burst into the hall. They were carrying fire-irons, walking-sticks, gongs, or anything that could be treated either as a musical instrument or a weapon of war. Young Seumas Flynn, at the head, wearing a black paper cap ornamented with skull and cross-bones, was armed with an air-gun. Pointing this at a portrait of Mrs. Flynn's father and shouting

"Bang!" he permitted Cartwright to get away unscathed.

Inside the study Flynn and four of his friends were seated round the fire. The only man present not known to Cartwright was an orthopaedic surgeon called Skeffington Todd. Cartwright had heard of Skeffington Todd. He and Flynn, acquaintances since their student days, had a professional relationship based on an exchange of patients. Skeffington Todd in his youth had married a nurse, but as his income grew the nurse had been supplanted by a woman doctor. In time the woman doctor had given place to the daughter of a wealthy and titled father. Flynn referred to Skeffington Todd's previous wives as "casualties on the way up."

The surgeon was a very handsome man. When Cartwright sat down beside him he started to talk with an aggressive affability. He was present, it seemed, because his daughter by his second wife

had been invited to the party and his third wife had been too busy to bring her.

"It is the governess's afternoon off," he explained. When Cartwright said nothing, he added: "It's as well the party wasn't next week or I wouldn't have been here. I'm off to Memphis to lecture on my special subject—the Distal Phalanx of the Fifth Toe."

"Where did you say you are going?" asked Cartwright.

"Memphis."

Cartwright, bewildered, felt safe to comment: "This is a very nice time of the year in Egypt."

A spasm of irritation distorted Skeffington Todd's face. "Memphis in the United States," he said sharply.

"Oh! I suppose they'll let you in?"

"Let me in? Of course they'll let me in. I've been invited."

Here Cartwright saw his opportunity. He launched into a long story about a literary friend who had been invited to lecture in New York. This friend had once reviewed novels for a Left Wing weekly. When he applied for a visa to

the States he had been called five times for vetting to the American consulate. He had twice been questioned for three hours by two sets of F.B.I. agents, had had his finger-prints taken, then waited seven months before receiving his visa. When he reached the other side of the Atlantic he had been put on to Ellis Island where he was kept for three weeks before being shipped back to Southampton.

Skeffington Todd listened with an exasperated expression.

Flynn said "No need to worry on Mick Todd's behalf. Never been a taint of liberalism there."

Skeffington Todd swung his exasperated glance on to Flynn and asked "How was that last patient I sent you?"

"Practically moribund with hypoglycæmia. Just managed to extract the cheque from her."

As laughter followed this, Skeffington Todd glanced about him, a man with no use for those he could not impress.

At that moment the children passed the study door like a savage and victorious army. They went upstairs.

"Let them enjoy themselves for half an hour," said Flynn. "Then we'll have the show."

The procession could be heard tramping round the room above. It was brought to a pause by a sudden, vast and clangorous crash.

Without emotion Flynn said "The grandfather clock. Seumas *will* climb on top of it."

One of the men said "I hope no one was underneath it."

They listened. There was silence from above. Then Mrs. Flynn, in the hall, could be heard crying upstairs for enlightenment. When she received no reply, she said "The table is clear. Come down all of you and do some jig-saw puzzles."

At this the masterful voice of Seumas Flynn could be heard bawling on the landing: "Into the charge, you lubbers. Let's put 'em out of doors," then with howls and yells the children came pelting downstairs like boulders in a landslide. Each, reaching the bottom, fell against the study door. The door shook but did not give way. In a



moment there came from the hall indignant protests and cries from the women. The front door banged shut. There was the sound of a bolt driven home.

Cartwright said "Shouldn't we put a stop to this?"

Flynn was not perturbed. "Women," he said, "are better equipped to deal with children than we are. They have an extra layer of fat."

From the hall could be heard the voice of the leader: "So much for the females. Now we'll exterminate the males." The study door was flung open and Seumas pointed his air-gun at the company.

"Reach for the ceiling," he commanded. "It's a stick-up."

"Where's your mother?" asked Flynn.

"We've dealt with her. Now it's your turn. Put 'em up, I say."

"Control yourself," said Flynn, at last showing some heat. "Open the front door at once or I'll—"

"Getting tough, eh?" bawled Seumas. "Come on," he waved to the children packed behind him. As he spoke he launched himself like a projectile at his father. Unfortunately Cartwright was in the way. The force of the impact threw him from his chair. Before he could right himself he was seized by six or eight frenzied children and forced, struggling, into the hall. Through the innumerable commands being issued by Seumas he could hear Skeffington

Todd feebly admonishing his daughter: "Really, Berengaria, remember you're a little lady."

In a matter of seconds the front door was unbolted and the men thrust out into the arms of the waiting women. The door was shut on them and the bolts shot back. A sound of uproarious triumph came from inside the house.

Mrs. Flynn and the other women looked disturbed, but Flynn, leading them round to the back of the house, said easily "We'll start the fireworks. That'll bring them out."

He touched off one of the giant rockets set up on the lawn. As it roared skywards there came a howl from the house. The kitchen door fell open and Seumas, the procession behind him, ran out crying "I'm lighting the rockets. I'm lighting the rockets."

"Very well, then," said Flynn in the tone of one who has gained control of a situation.

Only one incident marred the display for Cartwright. Feeling he should do something to help he picked up a large firework. When he saw it was labelled "Nest of Fiery Serpents—Not to be held in the hand" he would have put it quietly down again but was distracted by finding beside him a female economist whom he had known in his Dudley days. In the intensive recollection of old times that followed he forgot he was holding the firework. Seumas crept up and lit it. As it flung off fire

in every direction, Cartwright was too stunned with horror to drop it. The economist knocked it from his hand. He escaped with what Flynn described as "just a first degree burn, nothing to worry about."

When the fireworks came to an end, Mrs. Flynn said "Now we'll all go in. It's cold out here."

"Not us," said Seumas, "we're going to march round the block."

At this the children, who had shown no more than normal excitement during the firework display, reverted to the state of frenzy in which they had taken possession of the house. Ignoring the protests of parents, they followed Seumas out of the gate and could be heard screeching down the road.

Mrs. Flynn sighed. She said "You can do nothing with Seumas when he's in this state."

The grown-ups went indoors. At intervals the children raged past the house, first in one direction, then in the other.

"The neighbours will be complaining," said Mrs. Flynn.

Flynn jumped to his feet. "I know what we'll do. We'll fit up the slide." He beckoned the men to follow him.

The slide, produced from a cupboard on the landing, comprised several waxed boards that, joined together, formed a continuous flat surface from the top of the curved stairway to the bottom. A toboggan, clamped to the top, could be released to take a headlong journey down to the hall. This, Flynn explained, was Seumas' favourite toy. At their last party it had caused so much damage to stairs and banisters Flynn had felt forced to forbid it this time. He was afraid Seumas' present antics were in protest against the ban. The sight of the slide would put everything right.

When it was fitted up, Flynn suggested the men should try it out. They could help by making a lot of excited noise while he went out to inveigle the children in.

As soon as Flynn left the house, Skeffington Todd adopted a rather domineering tone. "Come along, now," he said, "get in," and he indicated that Cartwright should take the front seat.

Cartwright looked at the toboggan without enthusiasm and stood his ground. "It looks dangerous to me," he said.



"Nonsense!" said Skeffington Todd impatiently. "We're all going on it."

Unwillingly, Cartwright let himself be blustered into taking the front seat.

"Now," said Skeffington Todd, in command, "I've been on this thing before. It's tricky. Mustn't get up too much speed or we'll be tipped out at the bottom." He pointed to Cartwright. "When we turn the corner, put out your foot and brake us a bit against the banisters."

Cartwright said "I think we should change places."

"No, it goes better with the weight at the front."

He released the toboggan before Cartwright could argue further. They began to slide, gently at first, then, as they approached the curve, with gathering speed.

"Brake, brake," shouted Skeffington Todd.

Cartwright put out his foot. It struck the banisters and slipped between them. He was pulled askew in his seat, then his foot wrenched itself free. He reached the hall head first and lay there crippled.

It was now that Skeffington Todd displayed the qualities that had taken him far in his profession. He placed Cartwright in a comfortable position, examined him, diagnosed a broken ankle and recommended a nursing home where his influence could obtain a bed at a reduced fee. He would, he said, attend upon Cartwright himself. He went to the telephone. By the time Flynn reappeared with the children at his heels an ambulance was on its way to the house.

Two days later Cartwright was home again, his leg in plaster. When Flynn came to visit him he said "Don't let me hear another word against old Skeffington Todd. He's been magnificent. If it hadn't been for him, of course, I might not have broken my ankle, but he has done everything possible to put it right."

It was not until the end of the month that he received Skeffington Todd's bill for forty guineas.

2 2

"Jerusalem, Tuesday.—Israel is prepared to refrain unconditionally from any hostile act against Egypt provided Egypt does the same . . ."—*Daily Express*

Can't say fairer than that.



"Well, that's cured the foot-drag, but your language is not photogenic."

Point Duty at Burlington House

PAOLO UCCELLO would have been astounded
That picture-gazing could be found too wearing.

Undisconcerted by the mild invective
With which his spouse's vocal chords resounded,
He stood for hours, exultantly declaring:

"Oh, what a wondrous thing is this perspective!"

One's stamina, however, being meagre,
It follows that in spite of being eager

To mitigate a blonde-surpassing dumbness

By milling round assimilating knowledge

Of current works of art, a drowsy numbness

Too soon impels one to a state of lollage

Upon the non-stop sofa, where one rallies

(Between some aged clergyman from Truro

And somebody's great-aunt) for further sallies

In contemplation of chiaroscuro.

While allocating relatively wide ways

As standing-space for all the young and vigorous,

Would some director introduce less rigorous

Facilities for viewing Modern Masters,

As: self-propelled armchairs with noiseless castors?

The progress of the latter would be sideways,

Providing minimum of twisted-neckage

With maximum capacity to scan.

For traffic jams and accidents and wreckage,

It would ensure no vehicles collided

If but Sir Albert graciously presided

In some strategically-parked Sedan.

D. A. WILKINSON

The New Mayhew—



—The Railway Worker



MOST ladies and gentlemen who for business or pleasure journey much by railway train will have observed here and there along the way groups of men in shirt sleeves, whose function it is to attend to the proper alignment of the track, the replacement of sleepers, etc. From one such labourer I had the following account. He seemed very ready to talk, for I received the impression that he was somewhat starved of human contact in his present situation, and he was certainly of a gay and voluble disposition.

"I been doing this now for three month, hard work all the time, you bet. Well, I wouldn't have choose this work for preference, no, hard work all the time, but you got to get what you can. [Here he laughed delightedly.] When I first come to Britain I wanted to go to Birmingham, my friend who is here two three years was writing all the time to say Birmingham very beautiful place, but I don't know. When I got here I like London, all the people, plenty of motor cars, very pretty. So I stay on here. Oh, very happy, you bet. Nobody going to be happy for you, you might as well be happy yourself!

"I was born in Antigua, I am a West Indian. Yes, in the Leeward Islands. Oh, long way away, thousands miles—how many? Very small island. Here is some photographs I keep all the time in my pocket. See the coral reefs? Very dangerous, them. Here's my mother, very fat, laugh all the time. She was killed, nineteen twenty-nine, in the big hurricane. That is a terrible catastrophe we had in Antigua, you ever hear about that? Brother, sister, mother, all crushed in the house, all dead. Lots of damage. Act of God. Here's my father, extremely old now, extremely old. All his life in the sugar plantations, no money, nothing. Oh, yes, I worked in the plantations, you bet, what else? But never any more. I am in a new life now for myself, look at all the money to be made here in England! I'm a Christian, I believe in Jesus Christ, sure.

"I came in a ship to Plymouth, you know it? Very pretty. Oh, hundreds of

us, men and women together, in winter time, no overcoats, nothing. By gosh, I near died, shivering. Very funny. Summer time, very nice; winter time, good heavens!

"I'm just a working man, see what I mean? But here you have opportunities. At night I'm reading Shakespeare books sometimes, all like that. I got a friend in a University, clever man, brilliant man, you know the type of man? I'm just a working man, very strong guy. I lift you over my head? [This I declined.] One day I save up enough so my sweetheart can come to England, we going to get married, this is the place to live all right. Eighteen pounds I've saved, all where I live, in a box. Nobody better steal that, eh?"

I gathered that his work-mates were for the most part prepared to acknowledge his existence, if not his right to share their confidences. There were some in fact who inclined to the theory that his colour was his misfortune rather than his sin. These, I learned, were apt to treat him as they would a backward child, or it may be an amusing pet. His remuneration appeared reasonable, for his way of life did not involve any extravagance beyond an occasional visit to the racing dogs; but a very considerable part of his weekly wage was required to pay for his rent, and he was in consequence very poor. He had secured rooms in a suburb on the Surrey side of the river, and because of his

dark skin he was required to pay far more for the accommodation than seemed equitable, from his description of it.

"Take it or leave it, that's what they tell you, mister. So I take it. Other houses they say 'No coloured, no coloured,' so what can you do? But the English is very nice, they do not kick you out of the way. You know why? No colour bar. All equal, but you have to pay more money and nobody want to sit beside you much in the church. [Here he laughed again, and shook his head.] One time I went in a public house, the man served me, I drink, no trouble. Very nice. But all very quiet, not talking, so then I go out. You know why? They waiting all the time for me to rape some ladies and cut people's head off with a razor. You want to know a secret? I never ate a human man out of a pot in all my life, and my mother's brother is a solicitor." [He laughed so much at this that I was obliged to smile myself a little.]

He had made a few friends among the West Indian population of London. They visited clubs where the music of their country was performed. At other times they walked in the streets at night, wondering what they might do.

I formed the opinion that he was at some pains to persuade himself that he was contented. He was more proud to be British than anyone I ever met.

ALEX ATKINSON

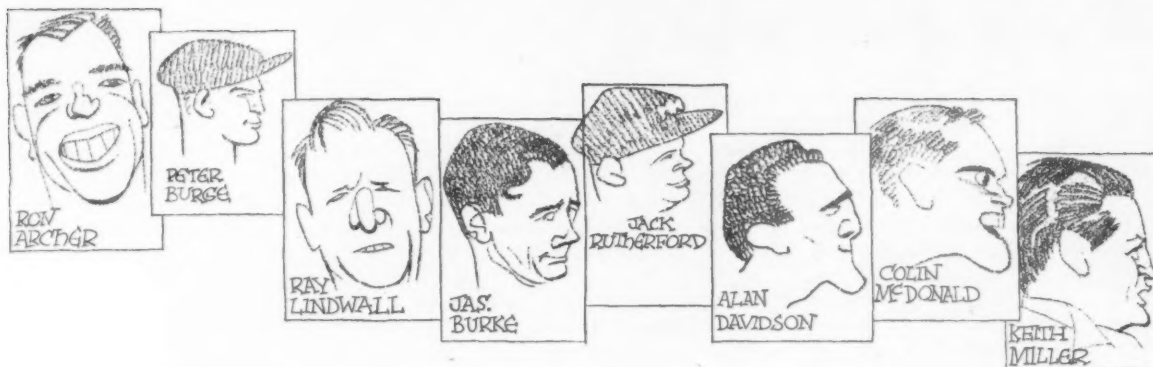
Sonnet for the Blessing of the Sea

(Hastings and St. Leonards)

WE tamed the sea with blessings when it was
Our living and the death of those it wrecked,
Much as they christened conquered kings because
It made their tribute quicker to collect.
We blessed it hardly hoping the effect
Would equal God's rebuke in Galilee,
But feeling half entitled to expect
Some kind of favour from a Christian sea.

We bless it now with reason, seeing all
It brings to hand that can be made to pay,
Holiday business red in tooth and claw,
Spring conference and summer carnival,
And unblessed beaches where the idlest may
See hourly more than all the butler saw.

P. M. HUBBARD



The Australians

By A. B. HOLLOWOOD

TO prepare myself—on the “know thine enemy” principle—for this summer of Australian aggression I have been studying a manual published by the New South Wales Cricket Association. New South Wales is the State of Keith Miller, Richie Benaud, James Burke, Ian Craig, Alan Davidson and Pat Crawford. It is the State that licked Hutton’s men on the last M.C.C. tour. It is the State that produced Don Bradman. It is obviously a State that needs watching.

This manual, I thought, would reveal the innermost secrets of Australian strategy. It would contain dimensional details for the construction of those terrifying baggy green caps, hints on the bowling of bumpers and the timing of unanimous appeals for lbw, a plan of campaign to inveigle the English into selecting their worst possible eleven, advice on the handling of umpires, autograph hunters and Bailey. I expected fireworks.

The manual begins, however, with a

chapter on Etiquette. “Before going on to the field players should clear their pockets of all unnecessary articles. Jingling of keys and money or rattling of matches should never be heard on a cricket field.” Well, this is harmless enough, I suppose, though there is no specific ban on resin, nail-files (for raising the seam on an oldish ball) and light-meters. Then, “Nothing is more uncrickey-like than for a player to throw his cap on the ground, or have it sticking out of his hip pocket.” Agreed; but a grassed Australian cap is not only “uncrickey-like,” it reduces the playing area and acts as an extra fielder. When an Australian bowler uses his cap to mark his run the batsman should immediately lodge an appeal against the light.

“Appeals should not be indiscriminate . . . Only those handy to the wicket and in a proper position to hear and see should appeal.” Excellent again. Unfortunately, that “handy to the wicket” is dangerously vague. It has been known for fielders at square-leg to appeal for lbw . . .

“How the deuce can you see from out there?” demands the aggrieved batsman.

“It hit your pads, didn’t it?” says square-leg.

“Yes, but I was nothing like in front.”

“My job,” says square-leg, “is to appeal for height. Direction’s the bowler’s responsibility; it’s nothing to do with me.”

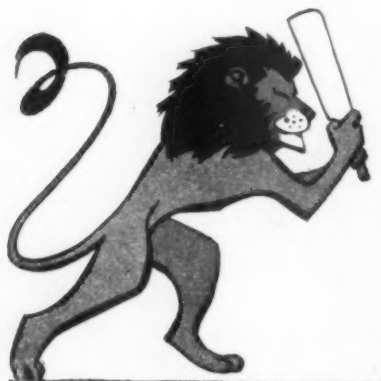
It has been suggested that the Carmody field (four slips, two gulleys, two short-legs) was originally devised to circumvent the restrictions inspired by

the Australian code of cricketing etiquette, and has nothing whatever to do with the legendary hostility of Messrs. Lindwall and Miller. If all eleven fielders are within a few bats’ length of the wicket then obviously they are all permissibly handy for appealing. Moreover they are all within range of the zoom lens of the TV camera and can strike terror into English cricket generally.

“Never lean on the fence or talk to spectators over the pickets.” Yes, and never grab a barracker by the lapels and carry him into the pavilion, never throw bottles back into the crowd, never interfere with the spectators’ concentration by whistling or humming, and never inquire about the winner of the three-thirty.

“Go out immediately when given out by an umpire. Never query a decision or stand around in real or simulated amazement.” Full marks to the Aussies here—they very seldom take block again (*à la* “W.G.”) when the umpire’s finger has gone up; nor do they pat the turf two yards wide of the leg stump when given out lbw. Australians have taken the great Don Bradman as their model in their cheerful acceptance of doubtful decisions, though some of them believe that it is much easier to accept a doubtful decision cheerfully if you have Bradman’s ability to rattle up a double century before being victimized.

Finally, “No player can do justice to his game, be he batting, fielding or bowling, unless he is in good physical condition,” which means “Never be seen at a theatre or restaurant by a touring journalist before or during any





match which you may lose or fail to win."

There are other good things in the manual about coloured sox (*sic*), testing the wicket ("Press the finger slightly into the surface and run it along in the direction which the ball will take . . ."), captaincy ("Is it a good policy to have a bowler as captain? Generally speaking it is not . . .") and umpires ("properly dressed in white coat, white hat, white boots and dark trousers"), about winning the toss, fast bowlers, dealing with bumpers, and so on, but not a word to explain how seventeen Saturday afternoon cricketers can summon up enough confidence in themselves to challenge the professional might of England.

That is one of the mysteries of sport. I can only suppose that cricket in Australia is managed more democratically than in England, that Johnson's men—like Armstrong's, Bradman's and Hassett's—are in fact the best that the whole country can produce. In England we pick our Test teams exclusively from men who decide to play cricket six days a week throughout the summer, and in consequence reject the claims of hundreds of gifted performers who enjoy their cricket too much to make a profession of it. Some day we shall reconstruct our cricket and bring more genuine amateurs back into the Test arena. May it be soon.

The twenty-first Australian touring team has arrived in England stuffed with runs, success and assurance. According to captain Johnson they are seventeen reformed characters. They are no longer intimidated by fast bowling: their bats, so crooked against the bullets of Tyson and Statham, are now

meticulously straight. The bowling is well up to standard. Lindwall and Miller may, they admit, have lost a little of their youthful bounce and velocity, but they now bowl at great speed and with the guile of Grimmett and Mailey. Benaud has improved enormously: so have Archer, Davidson, Crawford and Wilson. The fielding is of course brilliant.

It is not difficult to understand why these characters consider themselves reformed. On their last Test outing (at Kingston, Jamaica, last June) the Australians won by an innings and 82 runs. They scored 758 runs for eight wickets, and five of the team notched centuries—McDonald 127, Harvey 204, Miller 109, Archer 128 and Benaud 121. In the series nine batsmen had averages of over forty and altogether they hit twelve centuries. All this was a vast improvement on the record against Hutton's men. In the 1954-55 series the Australians only twice scored more than 231 in an innings and were twice put out for 111. The averages too were less impressive, only three batsmen averaged forty and only Harvey (of the present team) totalled as many as 200 runs in the rubber.

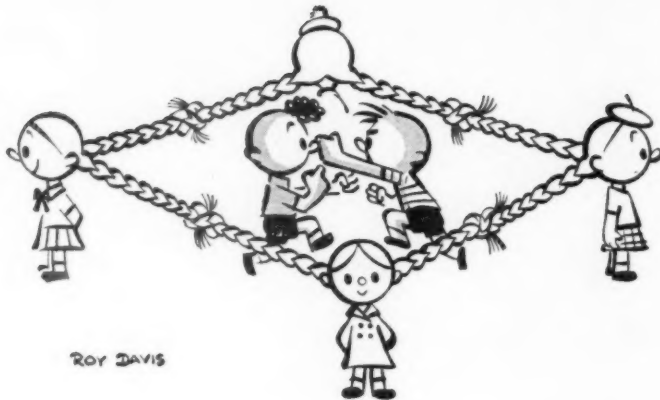
On shirt-front wickets and against fair bowling Johnson's team have shown that they can make stacks of runs, but very respectfully I would suggest that Lock, Statham, Tyson, Appleyard, Wardle, Trueman and Laker will present rather stiffer batting problems than Messrs. Atkinson, Valentine, King, Ramadhin, Worrell, Smith, Sobers and Dewdney. And I would also remind the Australian bowlers that they allowed Walcott to score 827 runs (five centuries) against them in ten innings.

Before June is out it will be revealed, I think, that Australian bats are in need of further straightening.

Cricket in Australia is still to some extent under the shadow of Bradmanism. After Ponsford and the Don, young cricketers seemed to decide that the pursuit of tall scores and fat averages was not a paying proposition. Why invite comparison with the man who dealt habitually in double centuries and averaged a hundred throughout his career? It was more rewarding surely to earn a reputation for spectacular speed and brilliant shots. If life at the wicket could not be long and rewarding, then it should be short and merry. Hassett and Barnes were the last of the stayers; after them came batsmen of charm and splendour riddled with fallibility. But the swashbucklers let the side down and Australia is now looking for new Woodfulls and Fingleton. Mackay, Rutherford, Burge and Burke may fill the bill. They may not. We shall see.

My money is on England.





Tales of Hoffman

By H. F. ELLIS

SOME comment (writes your graveyard correspondent) has been aroused by the fact that of two tombs opened on May Day, traditional festival of jollity, one was found to contain water and the other sand. This circumstance, remarkable on the face of it only as a curious coincidence, takes on a more sinister significance when it is realized that the water was in the tomb opened in Egypt, the sand in that investigated in England. No such startling reversal of the natural order of things has occurred within the memory of the oldest living mausoleum riffer.

Is it possible that earlier robbers of the tomb of Princess Neferu Ptah, anxious to conceal the traces of their sacrilege, smuggled out of Egypt the sand dislodged during their operations and hid it in Sir Thomas Walsingham's tomb, taking back with them perforce the water that gushed from Sir Thomas's sarcophagus thus impiously breached? Conclusive proof of the correctness of this theory would be afforded by the discovery of Walsingham's missing papers in the mud at the bottom of Princess Ptah's tomb.

When I put this question to a leading sarcophagist he made an evasive reply and went on sawing up bones on the off chance that they might be Ben Jonson's.* Pressed to say whether the theory was any more asinine than some others recently advanced, he admitted that there might be enough in it to warrant

knocking down a few old monuments in the hope of finding Egyptian footprints underneath them. I asked him whether he meant here, or in Egypt, to which he replied that the discovery of Egyptian footprints in Egypt would prove little or nothing. "But it would not invalidate the theory?" I suggested; and to this he somewhat reluctantly agreed.

The matter is apparently to be left, for the present at any rate, in this unsatisfactory state. Meanwhile a number of further riddles remain to be resolved.

Where are the three Walsinghams who ought to have been in the tomb at Chislehurst? It is all very well to suggest, as does Dr. Farag, that Princess Neferu Ptah was missing from her sarcophagus in Fayoum because she had been moved a few thousand years ago to join her father Amenhemhat III in his pyramid. Such goings on were common form in ancient Egypt, and every schoolboy knows that Ramses III was reinterred three times, that Ramses II was moved to the tomb of Seti I, that both Seti and Ramses were later taken away to join Queen Inhapi*, and that no fewer than thirteen royal mummies were ultimately lodged in the so-called last resting-place of Amenhotep II. The rumbling of Pharaohs in transit could be heard almost nightly in the Valley of the Kings in the second millennium B.C. But it is a far cry from the Valley of the Kings to Chislehurst; and practices sanctioned by the priests of Amen would not necessarily

commend themselves to a vicar of St. Nicholas's.

Nevertheless, the supposition that all coffins which might contain a clue to the authorship of the "Shakespeare" folios were at some unknown period spirited away to a common sepulture by members of the Stratford gang is not one that can be lightly dismissed. Where, it is bound to be asked, are the remains of Essex, Raleigh, Bacon, the Earl of Southampton, Fletcher, Jonson, and Marlowe himself? Is it not high time, now that reliance can no longer be placed on monumental inscriptions, to institute a nation-wide check-up of the contents of Elizabethan sepulchres, if necessary under Government supervision? Other considerations apart, our tourist trade is bound to suffer if American visitors can no longer stand before the tombs of our greatest men without a sneaking suspicion that their emotions may be running to waste in sand.

Before any such mass tomb-opening is taken in hand, it is to be hoped that advice will be sought from Dr. Farag and the Egyptian Ministry of National Guidance. The affair at Chislehurst, from all accounts, was conducted in a skinflint, hole-in-the-corner manner that contrasted ill with the flags, the cheering schoolchildren, the carpeted tent, the brass band and the massed photographers rightly thought appropriate for the attempted disinterment of a Princess. Even the press were excluded from the church, so that Mr. Calvin Hoffman was obliged to force his way outside before he could make his historic, dramatic and perhaps rather premature announcement "It's over." How different, how vastly more impressive and fitting, was the scene at Fayoum when Mr. Farag told the waiting thousands "It is a mystery." We must ensure that such occasions in future are handled with so much forethought, understanding and sympathy that even the editor of the *Daily Sketch* will be able to overcome his scruples and attend.

When your correspondent rang up Mr. Hoffman to ask whether he now proposed to visit taverns in Deptford in search of evidence that Marlowe never went there, a voice said he was out. My guess is that he had gone to see Dekker's *Othello* at the Old Vic—where a seat in Joanna Southcott's box is permanently reserved for him.

*cf. fragment of conversation believed to be recorded on the back of Bacon's shroud: "How do you like your bones?" (Essex). "Oh, rare." (Ben Jonson)

* cf. "I could be, Inhapi, with you."
(From an old scarab)

A Breach of the Peace

By HONOR TRACY

TO watch FitzGibbon enter the snug of the Mermaid Hotel at eleven o'clock of the evening was to sense the approach of greatness. Some men have a special quality there is no accounting for, a mysterious authority that comes from within and needs no position, money or effort to maintain it. Only the vulgar would ask them to show reason for their predominance: it is absolute and perfect in itself. Indeed, any attempt on their part to justify it, by some positive achievement for instance, would have an undermining effort: the absence of all such justification being the surest ground on which it reposes.

FitzGibbon was one of these special people, in fact about the most special I ever knew. There was a feel of the emperor's purple about him. He was a small man with too big a head, and he wore wrinkled, baggy clothes, but nobody worried about his appearance. He worked in a publisher's office, but no one knew what his duties were, nor did it matter. Were he the errand boy he would have been none the less FitzGibbon. Yet there was nothing at all oppressive about him. To his friends he was generous and humane and protective, asking from them in return no more than a dog-like obedience: and this they were pleased and proud to give.

Like other great men he had little ways of his own which seemed on the face of it unworthy of him and yet added to, rather than diminished, his personality. For example, the sound of a barman crying "Now, gentlemen, please!" would often provoke him to shocking displays of temper. Again, he had a fanatical, undying hatred of the Gaelic League. This stood on no more solid a leg than that once, long ago, a Leaguer had gone off with his hat in mistake for his own. The small inconvenience of it so worked on his mind that by now he attributed most of the evils in Ireland to the pernicious, underhand schemes of the Gaels. In a discussion of this subject—or, for that matter, of any other—it was imprudent to suggest an alternative view.

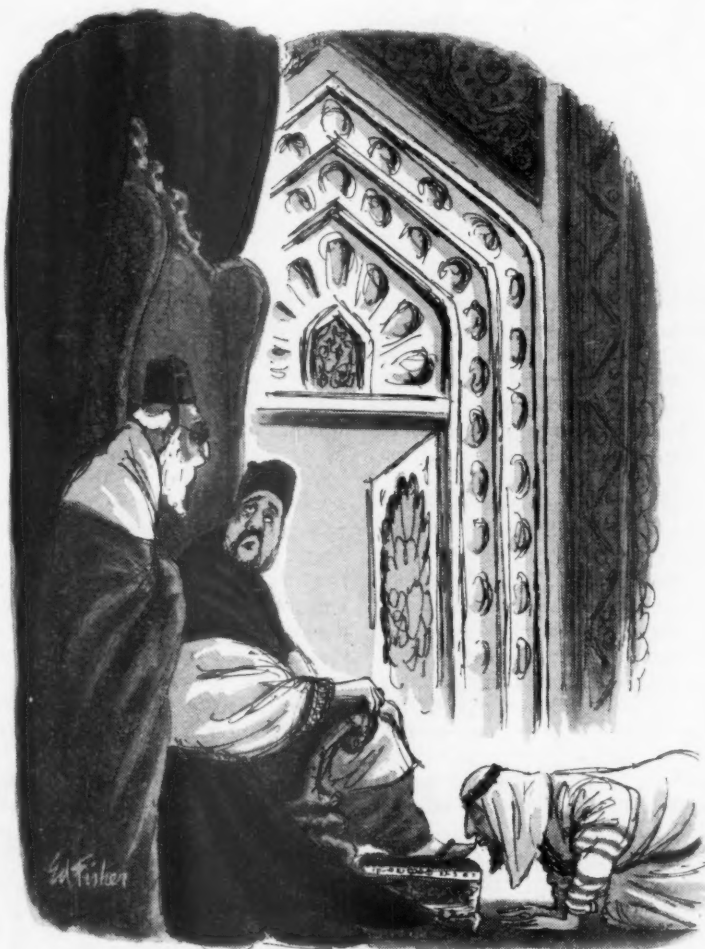
Every evening, then, when the pub of his choice had finally induced him to leave it, he entered the Mermaid's snug with a measured pace and jovial

demeanour. The privilege of drinking in here until the early hours of the morning was of course intended for residents only; but no one dreamed of challenging FitzGibbon. Indeed he had his own special chair in one corner in which, once eleven had struck, no mere resident ever presumed to sit. It was the best chair in the room and the largest table went with it, so that the rest of us could pull up and form a little private ring to bask in his favour. Only once in all the time I knew him did he fail to appear, and his corner on that occasion had an empty, lifeless air, like a bus without a driver.

On the particular evening I am about

to describe, however, we got to the snug to find that FitzGibbon's place had been taken. A man was actually sitting in the FitzGibbon chair itself, and two others had drawn theirs up to the table. They seemed not to realize in the least what they had done, but, as the great man stood before them with a grave, beautiful courtesy until they should move, simply glanced up at him and away again as if he were of no account at all.

The curious thing about it was they did not look like heroes. The chief character was a little wisp of a fellow with a tangle of grey, woolly hair and an expression both scared and furtive. The two others were country boys with



"No more audiences to-day. My feet are killing me."



"When!"

broad, red faces and huge, inarticulate hands that seemed always to get in their way. All three had their heads together over some printed leaflet or manifesto, and the impression they gave, far from being heroic or even aggressive, was of people immensely vulnerable and all too aware of it.

FitzGibbon gave them a few moments' grace and then said quietly: "Good evening, gentlemen."

"Evening, misther," said the elderly man, glancing up and down again.

FitzGibbon smiled to himself, the faint almost imperceptible smile that a man of the world bestows on ignorance.

"Would you gentlemen object," he suavely inquired, "if we were to join you?"

"We've a little job here just now," the man replied. "Another time I wouldn't mind it at all."

FitzGibbon smiled again. "So be it, gentlemen," he said. "I am the last man alive who would wish to intrude." It was a treat and an education to hear his exquisite irony of tone.

Without a word he motioned us to a

neighbouring table and rang for the right porter.

"The usual, Harry," he told him, "and"—with an inimitable flourish of the hand—"bring the boys in the corner whatever it is they prefer. They are to be my guests for the evening."

While he waited for the drinks to arrive he sat in silence, with benign amusement written all over his face. Aren't people delicious? those eloquent features seemed to be asking. Harry brought us the virgin bottle of whisky, the glasses and the jug of water with the chill just taken off, as he did every night of the week; and then to each of the strangers he gave a pint of stout, setting it down on the table with reverent care.

"From Mr. FitzGibbon, sir," he said in a hushed voice to all three men in turn.

"Who's Mr. FitzGibbon?" they asked, staring about the room in bewilderment.

FitzGibbon bowed from his chair with infinite grace.

The men looked at each other

undecided, as if in fear of some round-about attack or even merely of having their legs pulled. Then hesitatingly the elderly man picked his glass up and raised it towards the donor.

"Well, Slainte, misther!"

A tiny puzzled frown appeared on FitzGibbon's brow. "I beg your pardon?" he said, wonderingly.

"Slainte!"

"Ah . . . yes, yes, yes, to be sure. Good luck, then, gentlemen."

He now gravely applied himself to his whisky. He appeared to be in no mood for conversation and we all of us therefore respectfully held our peace. He just sat there gazing dreamily in front of him, with the same fine little thoughtful smile hovering about his lips. A philosopher down to his boots, you'd have said. But then all at once he stiffened in his chair as if someone had stabbed him: he cocked an ear; and gradually all the benevolence ebbed away and was replaced by astonishment, incredulity, indignation and then something like rage.

Either the men did not wish to disturb the company at large or they were

unwilling that others should hear what themselves were saying. At all events they were leaning towards each other and muttering behind their hands, like vulgar children in school. Yet now and then as a sudden hush would fall on the crowded room a few of their phrases did become audible even so, and there was no mistaking the raucous, quacking sounds they made. They were speaking in Irish, no less, and in FitzGibbon's presence at that: they had the confidence.

FitzGibbon folded his hands and bent his head, like a man with weighty things to consider. Presently he raised it again with a resolute air and leaning across to the strangers, he softly said: "Excuse me, gentlemen, one moment."

"What is it, misther?"

"Gentlemen, excuse me. I wish only to say that you are the most contemptible curs I have ever met in my life."

With that he relaxed and crossed his legs with the satisfied look of one who has accomplished a duty.

His remark threw the strangers into confusion. They would have liked to respond to this unbearable affront in the way of spirited men: they would have liked to prove themselves the indomitable Gaels of their own propaganda. But their inner uncertainties would not allow it. They simply did not dare. Instead they had to make do with asking each other if they had heard what the fella said and what in hell did he mean by it; and this they did in the loud, artificial voices of people talking for the benefit of somebody else. At the same time they did not venture to look in FitzGibbon's direction. For his part, with the completely satisfied air still about him, he let them go on a while and then commandingly lifted a hand.

"Enough," he said.

"Look-at, misther——"

"Enough," FitzGibbon repeated.

"Sure, all I want——"

"Enough, I say!" FitzGibbon all at once blazed out. "You men come here,

you occupy my place, you accept my hospitality——"

"Yerra, for God's sake——"

"——under false pretences, without disclosing your colours——"

"Would you ever listen——"

"Kindly don't interrupt me," FitzGibbon boomed. "My views on certain matters are known to all——"

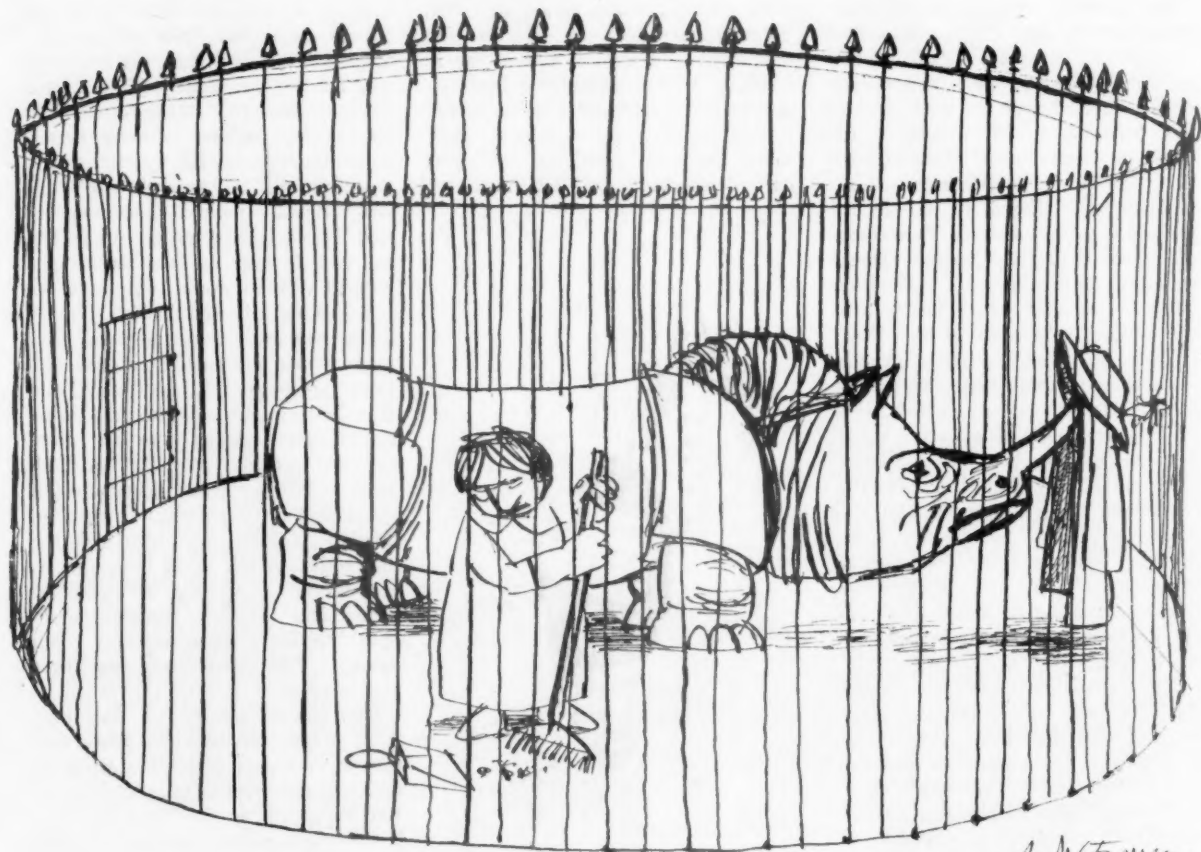
"Misther! Wait now——"

"So on top of it I am not to be permitted to speak?" FitzGibbon inquired, with a sudden frightful calm.

He rang for the night porter.

"Will you show these lads to the street at once, Harry," he said, with the pleasant, easy command of a born leader. "They are not residents. And they are creating a disturbance."

And, as Harry escorted the protesting Gaels to the darkness, he observed to the room in general: "I don't know what's happening to the Mermaid these days. Some pretty queer fish get in."





A SACRED brown cow, we are told, was one of the witnesses of the recent coronation of the King of Nepal. One cannot but wish that she might have been present in the "No" lobby for Monday's agricultural debate. Then she really would have seen something worth seeing. What a wonderful affair is "a great Parliamentary occasion"! The papers have been full of the coming debate, the restiveness on the Government back benches, the anger and determination of the Opposition, the worries of Ministers. Constituents are alleged to be—indeed perhaps even are—excited. Then comes the great day. An excited House restrains itself throughout Question Time. At last it is finished. The moment has arrived. "Orders of the Day" reads out the Clerk in a stentorian voice—and there follows a staggering rush of Members to the tea-room, each elbowing out his neighbour in his anxiety to be out of the place before he can hear a word. "Why do they all go out just when it is beginning?" said a stranger who was visiting the House for the first time. Alas, how little he knew! For this, as Mr. Emrys Hughes, that astute Parliamentarian has put it, is the sign "that the beginning of the beginning has really begun."

The truth is that politicians do not like listening to other politicians speaking, and who shall blame them? Mr. Tom Fraser was chosen to lead the onslaught on the Government's agricultural policy. Behind him was a small sprinkling of Members, at least three of them visibly awake. But what was the

reward of the watchers and the holy ones it is difficult to guess. Mr. Fraser's speech was, as Mr. Heathcoat Amory truly said, "what is known in bagpipe language as a lament." He also truly said that it contained no vestige of a hint what Socialist policy would be. Mr. Nugent, who does not take his fun over-easily, got a good deal of fun in winding up by asking the Socialists questions that he knew they would find it very embarrassing to answer. And indeed Socialist agricultural politicians have of necessity to be "dot and carry"

boys. They can make the most of farmers' dissatisfaction with the Government, but they know well enough that, though the farmers dislike Conservative policy, they dislike Socialist policy a great deal more, and Mr. Heathcoat Amory, a conjurer in a world of myxomatosis, was able to produce England's last sad rabbit out of its last sad hat, in the shape of the March figures to show that, in spite of God and the Motion and its fostering Fraser, agricultural production was in fact not down but up. Mr. Amory's was "a pig and whistle, policy" according to Mr. Harold Davies, but at least he had the whistle, and the records of gilts showed that he would soon have the pigs—so much indeed that Mr. Stanley Evans was anxious not so much how many pigs would go to market as who would pay for getting them there. From the Conservative back benches there was a wise maiden plea for more agricultural credit from Mr. Pott and, as usual in the absence (intellectual if not wholly physical) of an Opposition, it fell to Sir Robert Boothby to make the only serious attack on the Government. He wanted "positive direction of production." But who was going to do the directing? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Like the Psalmist, we "hear and tremble."

The farmers are missing their bus. They are so concerned to prove that they are not poets that they are a bit too anxious to appear as business men. But the truth is that they are not business men either, and that they will lose if they play that card too often.



Mr. George Brown, M.P.

The British public, as Baldwin well knew, likes a bit of sentiment with its artificials. Thug for thug, the farmers will get done down, but let them stick to whimsy-whamsy and they are home.

The Restrictive Trade Practices may be a good bill or it may be a bad bill, but its best friend could not pretend that it is a funny bill. "And is further satisfied (in any such case) that the restriction is not unreasonable having regard to the balance between those circumstances and any detriment to the public or to persons not parties." It is not, it must be confessed, exactly sidesplitting. There is no one who is a better hand at a joke and enjoys it more than Mr. Thorneycroft, and he, poor man, has to stay there all the time. Surely no puss could be so sour as to grudge him what humour he could find after sitting out more than twenty hours of this rigmarole. But no such indulgence was permitted by Mrs. Barbara Castle. She rebuked "his generally frivolous attitude." Mr. Thorneycroft was bold enough to smile. "The President of the Board of Trade smiles," said Mrs. Castle and bade him instead "consider subsection A of section 240 of the Monopolies Report." Mr. Thorneycroft, it appeared, resigned with a sigh the pretence that he was in the company of human beings. He considered subsection A and, like Henry I when they

told him about the White Ship, he never smiled again.

Archbishops are curious folk. A few weeks ago the whole House of Lords used almost to go down and kiss the ground whenever the Archbishop deigned to address it. Now it seems that, from Premium Bonds to Cyprus, he cannot say a thing right. Lords and Commons, front bench and back bench, unite to denounce him. Henry II has only to say "Who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" and there will be standing room only on the bus to Canterbury. And yet, to do him justice, the sort of things that the Archbishop is saying now are very much the sort of things that he was saying a few weeks ago. It is the weather that has changed, not the Archbishop. His Grace may have his moods. If it be not hitting an Archbishop when he is down to compare him to a mid-Victorian milkmaid, his

*"dressing and undressing
Such a change of light shows as when
the skies in sport
Shift from cloud to moonlight,"*

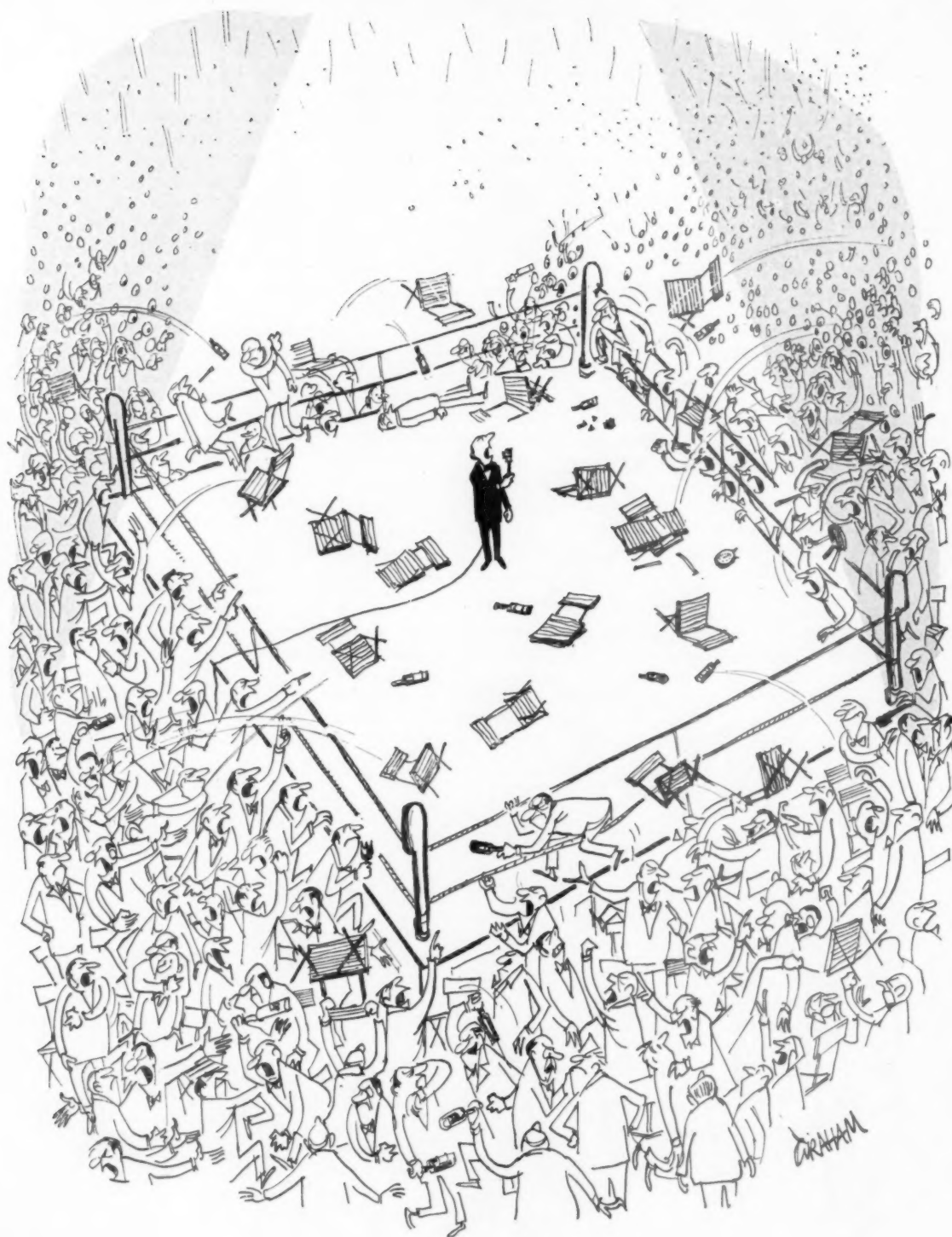
and I have a feeling that in the end he will come through it all with pants flying.

In childhood's innocence one used to think that, where facts were uncertain, an official statement might help to clear

them up. Now in case after case—Evans, Mrs. Thompson, Burgess and Maclean—we are forced to say that nobody knows what is true, but all that we know is that what is certainly untrue is the official story. With Mr. Montgomery Hyde's relentless and public-spirited prodding the Casement Diaries seem to be becoming another instance of the working of that law. What possible justification for withholding the diaries from examination can it be that they would cause controversy in Ireland? One might, with far greater justice, on that argument deny the existence of the Battle of the Boyne, and I dare say that we shall live to see a Home Secretary do so. What possible justification for withholding the diaries can it be that Casement was hanged for a matter quite different from that of which these diaries do or do not accuse him? Mr. Deedes speaks of smearing the hanged, but Casement has been smeared already. To everyone except the Home Office it is obvious that the defendant now in the dock is the Home Office itself. Whether Casement was or was not guilty of these practices, the attempt to spread prejudice against him by insinuating his guilt at a time when he was on trial for his life for quite a different matter was as bad a business as any to which British officialdom has ever sunk. CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



Mr. Heathcoat Amory—Minister of Agriculture



"My Lords, Your Excellencies, Gentlemen . . ."



In the City

Nothing to Fear but Fear Itself

A CERTAIN professor of economics had a gimmick: he used to startle comatose students with the statement "I don't care how rich the rich are provided they don't spend their money or give it away." At the time—nearly thirty years ago—when egalitarian ideas were swallowed whole by most university students such an avowal seemed violently reactionary and shocking. We sat up and listened.

The professor was in fact putting his case for increased capital investment in the most dramatic way possible. He objected to the rich only when they lived extravagantly, when they lived up to their incomes and by their spending diverted skill, labour and resources from communal uses to the satisfaction of their own private whims; or when they put on the mantle of the economic dictator and devoted their surplus funds to some charitable cause or improving materialist dream. He opposed gross inequality only when it resulted in undemocratic planning of the nation's productive resources. He argued that Mr. X, the multi-millionaire, had no right to usurp the power of the government by planning a new garden city, a new college at Oxford, a chain of hospitals for sick animals, a colony for displaced persons, by building yachts, enclosing moors for grouse shooting and so on.

He was of course a socialist.

Well, he has had his way. In these days of central planning, ruinous death duties, income tax, surtax and the Capital Issues Committee it has become almost impossible for individuals to upset the pattern of industrial activity. They can no longer accumulate the

necessary fortunes and they can no longer act without the permission of dozens of planning authorities, the watchdogs of democratic enterprise.

The problem now is of a very different kind. We have redistributed the nation's wealth and purchasing power without making any provision for savings. Those who would save lack the opportunity (the Commissioners of Inland Revenue see to that) and those who could save won't.

We have rubbed along after a fashion by resorting to compulsory saving, to such dubious devices as the overall Budget surplus (which encourages departmental extravagance) and the excessive ploughing back of company profits (which robs industry of its flexibility and undermines our concept of democratic capitalism). But we now know that these devices are not enough. Compulsory saving has weakened our resistance to inflation and the disease has settled in the nation's blood-stream. We are now told that we must save to

safeguard savings—an appeal no more realistic than Roosevelt's "We have nothing to fear but fear itself."

Sooner or later Mr. Macmillan and the Savings Movement will have to appeal to the nouveau-riche in the language of my old tutor. "We don't mind how fat your wage-pocket is," they'll say, "provided that you let us look after it for you." And in such words they will be admitting that nothing short of economic disaster will halt the flood of wage demands.

Meanwhile it is worth recording that total interest and dividends on all quoted stocks and shares have risen from £859 millions in 1947 to £1,224 millions in 1955, that is by 42 per cent. During the same period wages and salaries have climbed by 80 per cent, and in terms of "personal disposable income" (Stock Exchange terminology) are now twelve times the volume of dividends. There's something for the Savings Movement to get its teeth into.

MAMMON

* * *



In the Country

Pig as Ploughman

IT is not necessary to go all the way to Canada to become a pioneer. There is plenty of derelict land in England waiting to be reclaimed. Mr. Norman Blake, a pig-farmer in the West Country, has shown the way to tackle it. His method is to buy such land or to rent it on a long lease with improvement value accruing to the tenant. Fields covered with bracken are his first choice, because bracken is a deep rooted plant and only thrives where there is a good depth of soil. Of course the same is true of docks. But Mr. Blake will tackle fields covered with thorn, scrub, gorse or heather, and there

is no wilderness or jungle which he cannot win back into profitable grazing. He employs no bulldozer, gang of labourers, or expensive equipment.

First of all, Mr. Blake fences his derelict plot in so that his sows, or stores, are safely contained on the scrub they are set to clear. No Dutch piggery is constructed, no concrete is laid. The animals are given a natural shelter with an earth floor and a roof covering against the rain. Fifty sows will uproot a forest of scrub and thorn in a few weeks. The pigs are fed on whole maize, which is scattered among the undergrowth to encourage their snouts to root up every turf and tangle.

After a few weeks, when the devastation is complete, the undergrowth is collected up and burnt. The ash helps to fertilize the ground, along with the dung left and spread behind the stock. Land reclaimed by this method need not be ploughed after clearing, because the pigs open it up sufficiently for grass seed to take if broadcast behind them.

This method of reclamation is of course as primitive as Stonehenge, but effective. It is nothing short of hilarious that it is now possible to write an informative article about it. We are becoming so knowledgeable and so effete that we shall soon forget how to milk a cow, make a brick or build a wall. Perhaps we should remind ourselves that the word culture has agronomic connotations.

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE Pageant on Paper

A History of the English-speaking Peoples. Vol. I: The Birth of Britain. Winston S. Churchill. Cassell, 30/-

OF the Pelagian heresy, our island's first intellectual contribution to the world (the unlatinized form of Pelagius's name is said to have been Morgan), Sir Winston observes "This doctrine consisted in assigning undue importance to free will, and cast a consequential slur upon the doctrine of original sin. It thus threatened to deprive mankind from its very birth of an essential part of our inheritance." An ironic humour runs beneath this splendid pageant of battle and high politics. Here is history seen from the top, at the shifting focus of power, written by one who has made it. If the dimmer dons are disconcerted by this magnificent foray into their fields, the chances are that Sir Winston knows best what history was like.

He is in his finest form describing battles, fleets and armies. He can poignantly evoke the anxieties of a commander of some doubtful enterprise peering into the mist or across the sea. So lucid and forceful is his grasp of tactics and terrain that even the Wars of the Roses become intelligible. He is expert on maritime and military technique. From the galleys of the Classis Britannica, hulls, sails and crews camouflaged sea-green, he turns with loving precision to the Gokstad Viking ship, seventy-six feet and a half long by seventeen feet nine inches beam. On land how apposite his deliberately crude description of the "Fair of Lincoln," "the almost invulnerable chain-mailed monsters waddled about in the throng . . . welting each other when they met, hard, but perhaps not too hard." The long-bow came to the Continent as a devastating surprise: "at two hundred and fifty yards the arrow hail produced effects never reached again by infantry missiles at such a range until the American Civil War." Crécy, the defensive triumph, Poitiers, the counter-

stroke, Agincourt, the assault, all are set-pieces in vivid detail.

Through swift dramatic pages the thread of developing power is pursued. In Britannia we observe "the wooden altars of a sullen island"; in Anglo-Saxon England "barbarism reigned in rags; the Vikings are 'salt water bandits . . . the most audacious type of pirate and shark.'" After "haggard parleys," Becket is cut down; a "whole generation is slashed through" by the Black Death, "by a hideous

rests upon his harassed, hunted life . . . He fought four deadly duels with feudal aristocratic society. In 1386 he was overcome; in 1389 he was victorious; in 1398 he was supreme; in 1399 he was destroyed."

These great affairs are spiced with the ridiculous. The Fyrd takes itself off, "having, in true English style, come to the conclusion that the danger was past because it had not yet arrived." When the Bishop of Winchester preaches on peace, "this was understood to mean the invasion of France." "During the mass conversions of King Alfred's wars, a veteran Viking complained that he had 'been through this washing twenty times,' and the garment provided 'was by no means up to the average standard.'" Sir Winston never scorns a familiar anecdote. "If tiresome investigators have undermined" the tale of Fair Rosamond in the maze at Woodstock, "it certainly should find its place in any history worthy of the name."

Here is no cult of civics and the common man, of mediæval dung heaps or the minutiae of nascent bureaucracy. Sir Winston keeps his eye on the centre of power. Here is the clank of armour in desolate keeps, the clash of swords, the fanfare of trumpets for battle. Against dire odds, through desperate stratagems and the carnage of the late Middle Ages, the English Monarchy was made.

But he does not glorify violence. His theme is the expansion of order and liberty; how Englishmen created the rule of law because tyranny and "personal government" was "not to be endured." In the Middle Ages, he twice insists, men retained the faculty of horror. When an Archbishop was murdered, a King did penance; when the Princes were done away with in the Tower, the throne was shaken. To-day a government could have got rid of them with nothing said. Unlike some fashionable clever-sillies, Sir Winston believes that Anglo-Saxon decencies and liberties, the rule of law and government by consent, are momentous for mankind



severance"; Edward IV enjoys "the sunlit glades of royal libertinage."

The characterization is bold. Edward the Confessor is "a kindly, weak, chubby albino"; Henry II is "as accessible to all classes as the President of the United States." The pious, but intermittently imbecile, Founder of Eton gets short shrift from this Harrow historian. The assessment of Richard II shows an insight familiar in the War Memoirs. He was thought a martyr by the people. "We have no right . . . to rob him of this shaft of sunlight which

and for the world. A realist, he looks forward to a world order which we must attain or perish. If his history is almost entirely of politics and war, he deprecates "national ambition at the expense of world peace." And thus concludes his Preface, written this year and the finest thing in the book. "It is in the hope that contemplation of the trials and tribulations of our forefathers may not only fortify the English-speaking peoples of to-day, but also play some part in uniting the whole world, that I present this account."

Here is a prelude to the wider survey which a vast public will eagerly await.

JOHN BOWLE

The Adults. Inez Holden. *Bodley Head*, 11/6

Without in the least deriving from her, Miss Inez Holden partakes a little in her novels of the world of Miss I. Compton-Burnett, a suave, conversational, faintly stilted society in which all the horrors are under the surface. But horrors there certainly are. Pascale and Harry, two young cousins, revisit the large country house where they stayed during the war. It belongs to Edward and Venetia Scantlebury, and part of it has been turned into a school for "difficult" children. Edward is Welfare officer to this school; Venetia, a nymphomaniac, interests herself in an all-in wrestler who operates in the neighbourhood. The story is told at two levels: first, the reality of the strange experiences the young people encounter in these perfectly possible surroundings of the fantastic contemporary world; secondly, the allegory of their efforts to move into an "adult" world. An unusual, rather haunting novel with something to say and a style of its own.

A. P.

Collected Stories. V. S. Pritchett. *Chatto and Windus*, 20/-

A dazzling display of talent, from "The Sailor" lifting his knees high and putting his hand up on page 9, to Mr. Humphrey, the commercial traveller, chatting to the girl at the hotel cash-desk in "Sense of Humour" on page 391. Between these two landmarks in the reading life of anyone interested in the short-story form, one may find the two tragi-comic fat men of "Pocock Passes"; "The Saint" with his pollen-gilded suit and his hollow, ape-eaten heart; "Aunt Gertrude"; the middle-class morning-drinking women exchanging memories of fabulous fleas and well-loved sailors in the enormous empty bomb-damaged pub; the clerks and "lady book-keepers" in what is perhaps the author's most masterly story, "The Chestnut Tree": it is pleasant also to renew one's acquaintance with Mr. Polifax, the garrulous dentist in "Edipus Complex." Many pieces—notably "The Aristocrat," "The Satisfactory" and "Page and Monarch"—were new to one reviewer, while "The Collection" is surely the genesis of "Mr. Beluncle." One

must endorse *The Observer's* opinion that Mr. Pritchett is "our best national performer in this field": in these days of expensive book-production here at last is a volume worth every penny of—if not double—the price.

J. M.-R.

To Sea in a Sieve. Peter Bull. *Peter Davies*, 15/-

The wartime activities of Peter Bull, the actor, were very similar to those of many officers of the Wavy Navy. In this autobiographical record of his service life he reveals a literary faculty of being able to recount the ordinary in an engaging manner. He was concerned with small craft, his first command being a Landing Craft Tank. He does not disguise his unseamanlike methods (five collisions in the first three days in command).

There is a continuous theatrical background to the book and no opportunity to see or organize a show is missed. Returning from manoeuvres after an air raid on Southampton he had been looking forward to seeing a film and asked the first civilian he saw if the Empire had been saved. The reply "Well, we've taken Tobruk again and are advancing" took him aback. Entertaining reading.

A. V.

How Charles Bravo Died. Yseult Bridges. *Jarrolds*, 21/-

The death of Charles Bravo shook London in 1876. A popular young barrister who had married a rich and charming widow of his own age, he lived in rural style in a Gothic villa at Balham. One evening he was attacked by violent pains, and two days later expired, surrounded by the cream of Harley Street. Inquiries established poisoning by antimony, but two inquests, the second of which lasted twenty-three days and was conducted with all the malice and publicity of a gossip-column, failed to penetrate the mystery.

Various theories have since been put forward. Here Yseult Bridges examines them, and adds her own ingenious explanation to an interesting and very careful account of the whole story. Criminologists will admire her lucidity and skill in sifting evidence, and even those for whom murder is a lesser art will find fascination in the book's intimate reflections of Victorian domestic life.

E. O. D. K.

Malleon at Melbourne. William Godfrey. *Museum Press*, 12/6

This is a novel for ageless schoolboys, a tip-top yarn of the old *Magnet* standard about a Test series down under. There is our hero Malleon, a much-abused skipper, and there is the inevitable cad Clarkson, and good old Mallers behaves throughout like a perfect gent. Mr. Godfrey slips up occasionally on cricketing verisimilitude—as when star batsmen come out to drive short balls past forward



short-leg—but on the whole the atmosphere is convincing. Score cards for the five Tests are printed in full, and by golly the closeness of the final esteemed struggle is simply terrific. Not bad for a "matched abandoned" summer interlude.

A. B. H.



AT THE PLAY

Hotel Paradiso (WINTER GARDEN)

Wild Grows the Heather

(HIPPODROME)

The Silver Whistle (DUCHESS)

WHEN farce is at a low ebb, as it has been in this country ever since the highish tide of *The Happiest Days of Your Life*, the trouble is that we begin to think of it as only a poor relation in the theatre, as comedy's mongrel sister on the other side of the blanket. For an antidote to this heresy go and see *Hotel Paradiso*, by GEORGES FEYDEAU and MAURICE DESVALLIÈRES, who built it with a clockmaker's precision more than fifty years ago. One can imagine them at work wearing jewellers' monocles, so accurately have all their little wheels and springs been put in place, to combine in a harmony of lunacy at the right moments. It is not, I suppose, to be recommended for a Band of Hope outing, though no doubt it would go down well; yet although it depends largely on bedrooms—the liberal accommodation of a no-questions hotel in Montmartre—no one could deny it is verbally as clean as a whistle, the jokes being jokes of situation, not of innuendo.

The first act prepares for the midnight turmoil of the hotel, while the third disposes, neatly and with a cunning series of interlocking surprises, of their results. For the main battlefield OSBERT LANCASTER has designed a doll's house set which offers a landing, an enormous winding staircase, and a clear view into two impeccably sordid bedrooms. The people of the first act gather there for reasons made to seem almost unavoidable: ALEC GUINNESS, henpecked and sorry for the neglected wife-next-door, IRENE WORTH; her husband, FRANK PETTINGELL, an architect commissioned to investigate supernatural noises; DOUGLAS BYNG, a friend from the

country with his four frightful daughters; and KENNETH WILLIAMS, a scholarly nephew trying out with the housemaid the validity of Spinoza on passion. Everything goes wrong. Champagne and cigar take all the bubble out of Mr. GUINNESS. The staircase is seldom without its cargo of hysteria. When the young porter solemnly drills a peep-hole for his higher education, he bores stoutly into Mr. GUINNESS.

If the fun flags occasionally, where I think it might not in Paris, one is quite glad of a rest; on the whole PETER GLENVILLE (whose translation flows easily), has produced the romp most creditably, and it is good to see an English cast so much at home in such abandon. Mr. GUINNESS comes out brilliantly as the yearning little man scared into submission by his tyrant wife, MARTITA HUNT, whose misadventures are outside the hotel but no less gruelling; he does it all very quietly and delicately, and everything he does tells. Miss WORTH is charming. Indeed they are all good; and I need only add how pleasant it is to see Mr. BYNG back again in his happiest form.

Barrie might have raised his eyebrows at *Wild Grows the Heather*, which HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON has made out of *The Little Minister*, but the larger public, that shies at satire and likes its musicals

well-coated with romantic marzipan, should gratefully swallow this conventional view of Georgian Scotland. Presented with lavish realism, it is less phoney than *Brigadoon*, and mercifully free from Celtic twilight; and though neither music nor lyrics are exciting, there is a good deal of homely humour and a chorus trained by RALPH READER to shake the foundations of Thrums. In the best song of the evening, "Walking to the Kirk," the whole village comes to life with a gusto missing in the hicks of *Plain and Fancy*. Naturally the story of the minister who falls in love with a gipsy and finds she has a title leads to sticky passages of Ethel M. Dell, but most of these are isolated in the castle; and for those who care for songs about you and me and the stars I dare say the ration is about right. VALERIE MILLER and BILL O'CONNOR handle them tactfully. My pleasure lay more in two pawky Scots comedians, PAUL CURRAN and PETER SINCLAIR, and in the three funereal Elders, the smallest of whom is very small indeed and endowed with a sly Tom Thumb dignity, as if he were the Archbishop of Mab and Moonshine.

Charitably one supposes that *The Silver Whistle* has picked up some impediment during transit from New York, where it is said to have won all ears; certainly it is seldom that the

unlikely is piled so relentlessly on the implausible to form such an out-and-out collector's piece of improbability. Mildly facetious and embarrassingly sentimental, it takes place in a bogus old people's home (well outside the Welfare State), which is turned upside down by a cheap-jack tramp spouting fustian and pretending to be a modern Voronoff. Doubtful as is the taste of this whimsy, that is nothing to its shameful waste of a distinguished cast.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Chalk Garden (Haymarket—25/4/56). Light and beautifully acted. *The Merchant of Venice* (Stratford-on-Avon—2/5/56). *La Plume de ma Tante* (Garrick—9/11/55), the French Crazy Gang. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE CONCERT



Symphony No. 8 in D minor, by R. Vaughan Williams (Free Trade Hall, Manchester)

PUTTING together a new symphony is sometimes as exciting as the music itself. The last full rehearsal but one of Dr. Vaughan Williams's No. 8 was housed up two grubby flights of steps in a former engineering workshop and ex-Sunday school (a rose window in stained glass survives in the back wall) off a Manchester back street which you approach under innumerable cast iron railway bridges.

R.V.W. thumbed through press photographs taken at an earlier rehearsal. One showed him poring over the score and holding his nose with finger and thumb. "I must have detected a smell of Stravinsky," he said. Everybody laughed. Some of the laughs were uneasy, others gleeful.

On the rehearsal floor Joyce Aldous, the businesslike blonde who ordinarily plays the Hallé kettledrums, handed her sticks to Tom Cheetham and took charge of the tubular bells instead. For these R.V.W. has written a part in the finale which makes most operators mutter and scratch their ears. There are quick tunes which you play with one eye on John Barbirolli's beat, one eye on the music and a third eye on the bells themselves. And yard upon yard of *glissandos*. Who ever heard of *glissandos* on the t.b.? At her first attempt Miss Aldous fouled the bells, making their lower ends bunch and jangle. It sounded, in fact, as if she had dropped the lot. Suddenly the knack came. She worked with a hammer in each hand—one for glissing up the scale, the other for glissing down it. The technique was that of a child's stick on railings. With the bells half damped it made a nice, soft, ripply sound.

Then the night. R.V.W.'s programme note admitted that the first movement ("Variazioni senza tema") can be reconciled to sonata form only through extremes of mental gymnastic. The



Boniface—ALEC GUINNESS

(Hotel Paradiso

theme that isn't supposed to be there seemed evident to me from the first bar. I do not myself clamour for sonata form, but do let us have form of some sort. The trouble with this first movement is its sectionalism, its tendency to stop and restart. But the polyphony is granitic, and there are didactic chorale episodes that have the whiff of greatness. It is in these elements and the finely meditative Cavatina for strings that the true substance of No. 8 lies. The Scherzo in march metres for wind players only is bright and compact, not the music of an eighty-three-year-old, one would have said, but a clever young man's. The final Toccata, with the tamed tubular bells, tuned gongs *à la Turandot* and much other ringing, tingling and clanging is a sort of jovial stirrup cup of small intrinsic importance, I feel, but very shrewd.

When the composer came on to the platform at the finish a few hundred in the audience spontaneously stood up to clap—then everybody else did the same. A heart-warming scene.

CHARLES REID



AT THE PICTURES

Johnny Concho—The Swan

FOR most of its length, *Johnny Concho* (Director: DON MCGUIRE) is a very good film indeed. I think it weakens and softens towards the end, but plainly there can be two opinions about that: I note that some critics found the end convincing. To me it seemed contrived and sentimental.

But tell then, and more especially at the beginning when the situation in the Western town of Cripple Creek is being displayed, the film is admirably done, honest and gripping. It dares to have a central character who is a coward, a cheat and a bully, and positively to arouse sympathy for him. In fact, I would explain the ending as the result of some commercially-inspired decision to the effect that because people will be made uneasy by the realization that they are sympathizing with so unpleasant a character, they must be assured at last that he suddenly became properly heroic (regenerated, of course, by love).

The basis of the story is the way the hated Johnny Concho (FRANK SINATRA), though personally far from a menacing figure, does as he likes in the town of Cripple Creek on the strength of the reputation of his older brother Red Concho, a gunfighter; the climax being precipitated by the news that Red—who is never seen in the film—has been killed. The gunman who killed him moves in to take over the town himself, so that the locals' relief at being free of Johnny's dominance is short-lived.

What is particularly well done, as I say, is the scene- or situation-setting to begin with. We see Johnny Concho go down the street, the familiar street of the film Western, watched by many pairs of



Johnny Concho—FRANK SINATRA

[Johnny Concho

loathing eyes and followed by bitter comment: in effect we meet the characters, we are made to realize their positions in the drama, before we know *why* they are in those positions, and this is all done classically well in an interesting way. It is sometimes forgotten that the whole art of telling a film story is to make each moment not only visually and audibly and atmospherically interesting in itself but also incomplete or not quite understandable until a later moment.

Of course that is only another way of expressing the obvious truth that a film should move. This one moves admirably . . . until that sentimental ending, which—for me at any rate—even the excellent Mr. SINATRA could not make convincing, partly because of his excellence in presenting the weak and cowardly character of Johnny earlier. But as a whole the picture is a worthy one, full of first-rate small-part playing, and a shining example of how unimportant a wide screen and colour are if you can use the old-style black-and-white screen well.

The artificial, mannered comedy by FERENC MOLNAR about the Ruritanian princess, the eligible visiting Crown Prince, the amorous tutor, and the dutiful self-sacrifice turns up in another film version under its original title *The Swan* (Director: CHARLES VIDOR) just a trifle too late, perhaps, to get the best results from the fact that the princess is played by GRACE KELLY. This one does have CinemaScope and Eastman Colour, but in a way these only serve to draw attention to its stage origin, to emphasize

the stagey quality about its undeniably amusing dialogue.

To be sure, there are very good visual moments: I remember with pleasure, for instance, the night scene of the arrival of the Crown Prince's train. But this is essentially a drawing-room comedy, even though the drawing-room be represented by some part of a royal castle. The important things about it are the dialogue and the playing, which are both good. ALEC GUINNESS gives a splendid performance as the prince, Miss KELLY is charming and touching as the docile princess, LOUIS JOURDAN very well conveys the feelings of the unlucky professor, and the small parts, including all the types that Hollywood uses to express its inexhaustible amusement at the conventions of royalty, are all well taken.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The most striking new one is *The Trouble With Harry*, with which HITCHCOCK has a good deal of fun in an unaccustomed way; more about it next week. Apart from that—and the rare classic *Le Jour se Lève*, which the Everyman has found a copy of—the only London recommendations I would make are as before: *Race for Life* (11/4/56)—in its last day or two—and *The African Lion* (11/4/56).

Among the releases are the good, strong, gripping and not cheaply violent boxing story *The Harder They Fall* (18/4/56) and the story of the U.S. air pioneer Col. Billy Mitchell, *One Man Mutiny* (4/4/56). RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Cup and Urn

FOR most people the Cup Final is the television event of the year. We sit round our sets supremely happy to be sharing in the rites and pageantry of spring and (for once in a way) to be getting full value for our money. It is the cheapest show on earth.

As a rule viewers suffer from a vague sense of inferiority when in the presence of genuine "nothing-like-the-real-thing" spectators. In any discussion—on the theatre, cricket, show-jumping, boxing and so on—they feel impelled to preface their remarks with "Of course I only saw it on the telly, but . . ." It is definitely not done to talk rugby unless you were actually there at Twickenham, to criticize Lindwall's "drag" unless you have stood in a queue for beer at Lord's, or to mention ballet unless you have rubbed shoulder-paddings with the aficionados of Sadler's Wells. Non-U. But the Cup Final is different: the 100,000 spectators at Wembley are now merely the props of a great television show, people with walking-on parts. Before the game they delight us (the seven or eight million armchair viewers) with their programme-waving, their singing of "Abide With Me" and chanting of rhubarb, rhubarb. During the game they move off-stage and keep conveniently out of our line of vision. Then they reappear briefly for the finale and the curtain and vanish at the turn of a knob.

The TV looker-on sees most of the game.

I still enjoy the Cup Final, but like all mammoth institutional presentations it



LINDSAY HASSETT; LEN HUTTON; E. W. SWANTON
KENNETH WOLSTENHOLME; RAYMOND GLENDENNING

suffers, for me, from the law of diminishing returns. I am supposed to become wildly enthusiastic annually about football that is seldom more than kick-and-rush played between teams in which I have no particular interest, and I am supposed to wax gregariously emotional under the influence of sentimental ditties, hymns and demonstrations of mass hysteria that are repeated faithfully from year to year.

For a change I should like the Cup Final to be played on ice, under floodlights and before a crowd of Littlewood Songsters. Then I shouldn't have to switch on.

It may be that this iconoclastic outburst is inspired by my bitter resentment of football's and television's encroachment upon the cricket season. Cricket used to start in the villages towards the end of April: now it has to wait until the cameras have been removed from Wembley. Club secretaries know that it

is impossible to raise a side for any game fixed for Cup Final Saturday, which means that I am deprived of my first immaculate duck of the season until the middle of May. Isn't it a shame?

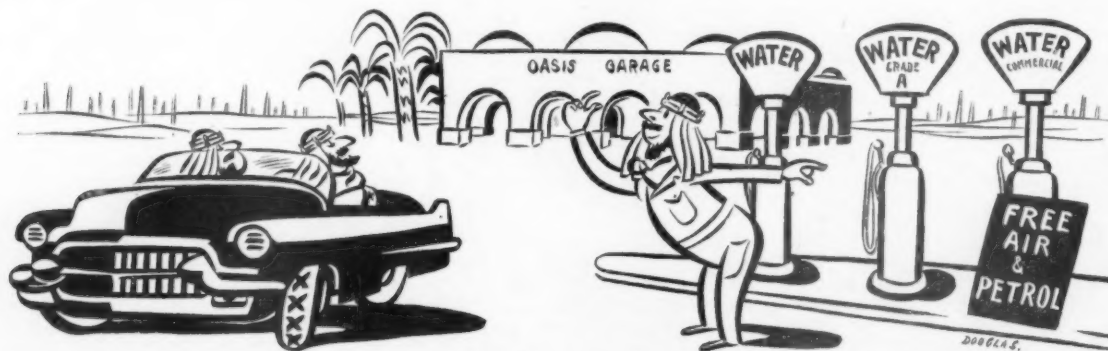
Cricket came on the air very quietly with a sound radio symposium entitled "M.C.C. and the Public." This was a genial and informative chat about the so-called monster of Marylebone, but only J. L. Manning seemed anxious to challenge the doctrine of infallibility as propounded by the legislators of Lord's, and in consequence the discussion was lacking in punch and controversy. R. W. V. Robins was as usual in good form, and Viscount Cobham, Wilfred Wooller and Rex Alston defended stoutly. For pre-

ference, however, I would always see Robins on the attack, dashing up the wicket to some outspoken and uninhibited trundler from the North.

The I.T.A. made a very good job of its first interview with the Australians, and the one-round contest in armchair cricket between Ian Johnson and G. O. Allen (ably refereed by Crawford White) made splendid entertainment. I have immense respect for Ian Johnson as an off-spinner, but even more for his fluent command in the battle of words. At Tilbury, Australia House and Arundel he spoke admirably, blending levity, aggression and modesty in exactly the right proportions. As a spokesman I put him well ahead of Sir Donald Bradman and just in front of Hassett.

I was unable to sample the I.T.A.'s first commentary from Arundel. I was there rubbing shoulders with the "nothing-like-the-real-thing" brigade.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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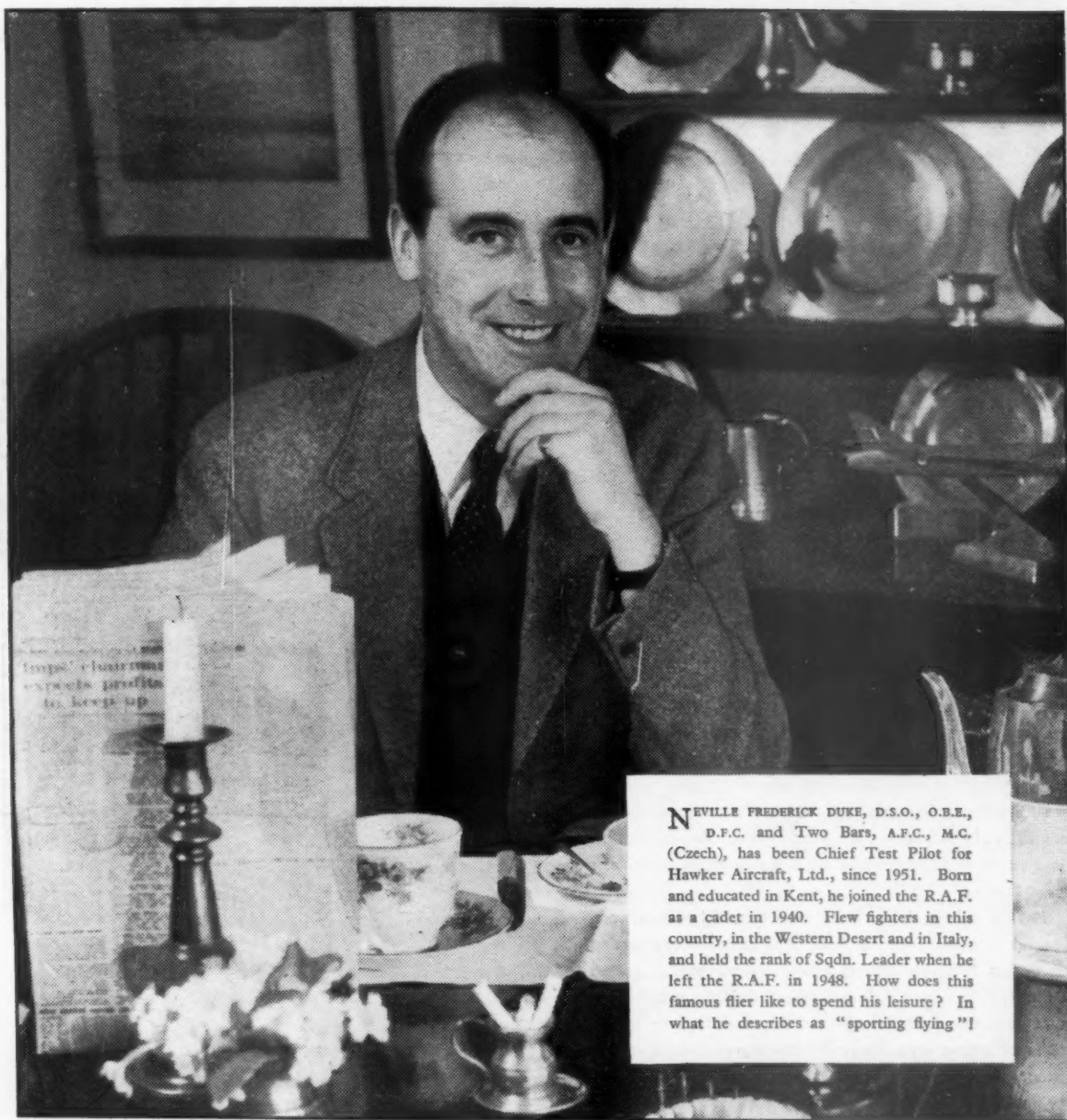
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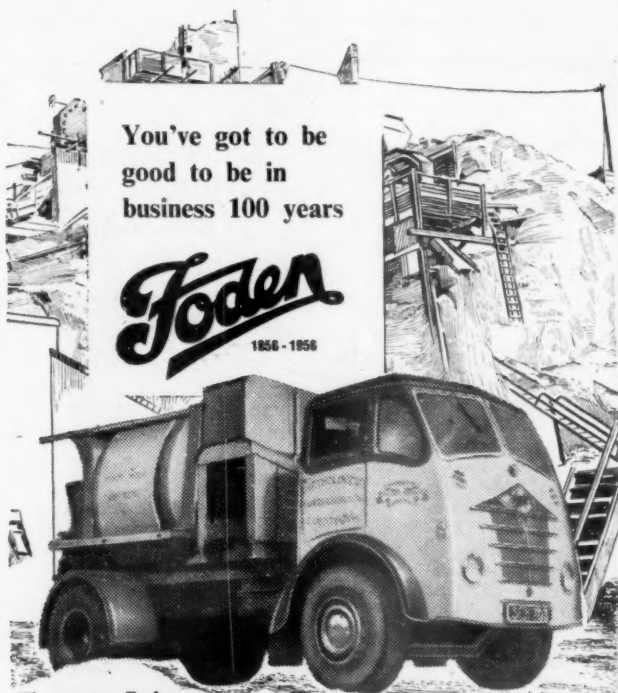


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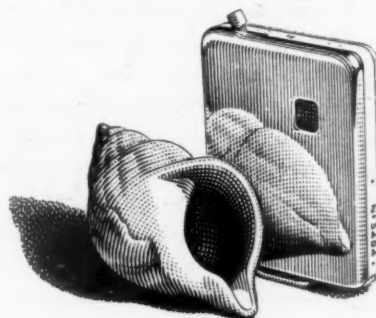
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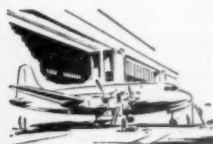


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*Why, thank you. I will. Not too small, if you
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A dry Martini?

*This morning I feel more inclined to a straight
vermouth—shall we say a Martini Dry.
And I'll take it, if I may, in a large glass.
You can't appreciate a first-rate vermouth in thimblefuls.*

That's an interesting answer.
We'll have the same. Nothing with it?

*Coldness—a good barman provides that free!
And an olive by all means.
The colour of an olive tones well with the Martini.
The flavour of an olive doesn't quarrel
with the subtleties in the glass.
Settings are important. I wouldn't, for instance,
drink even a Martini from a chipped china mug.*

But, china mugs apart . . . ?

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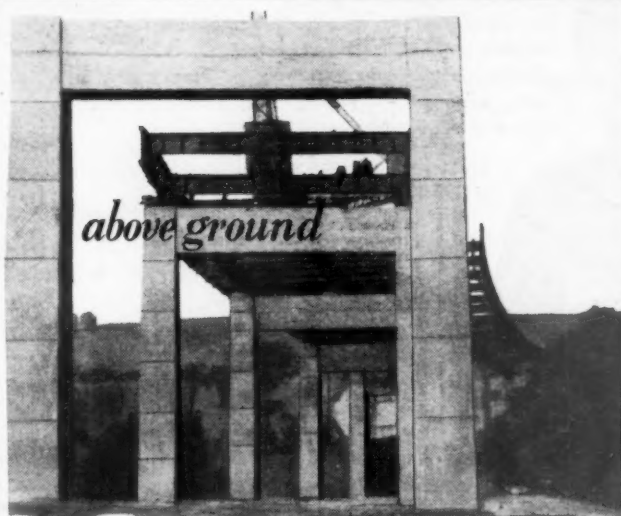
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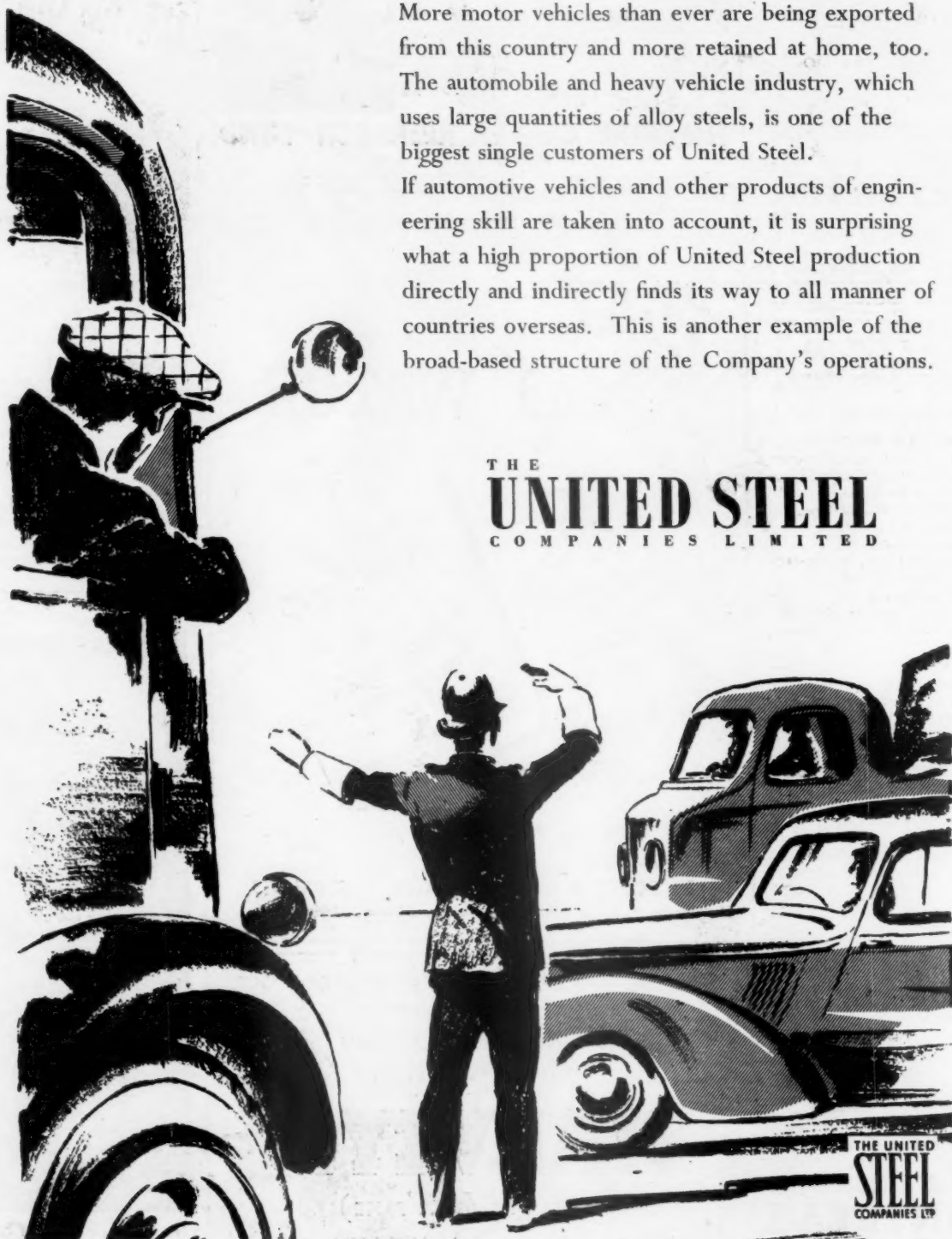


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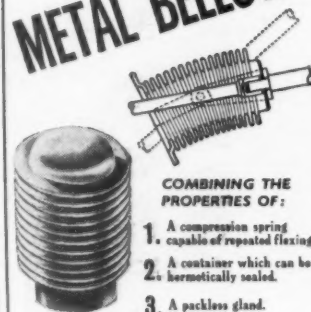
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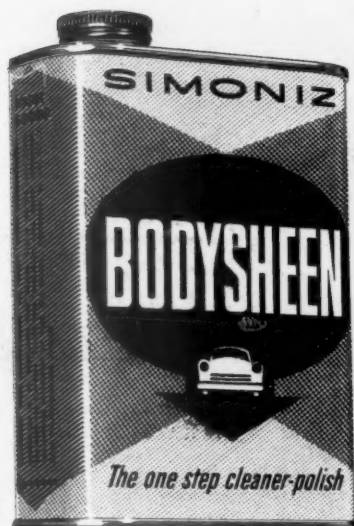
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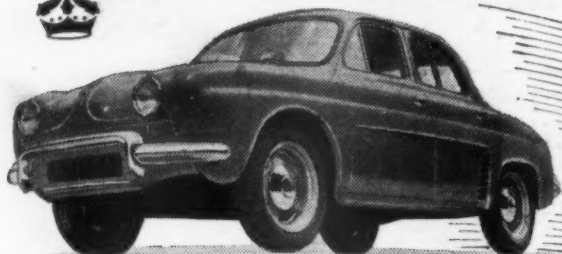
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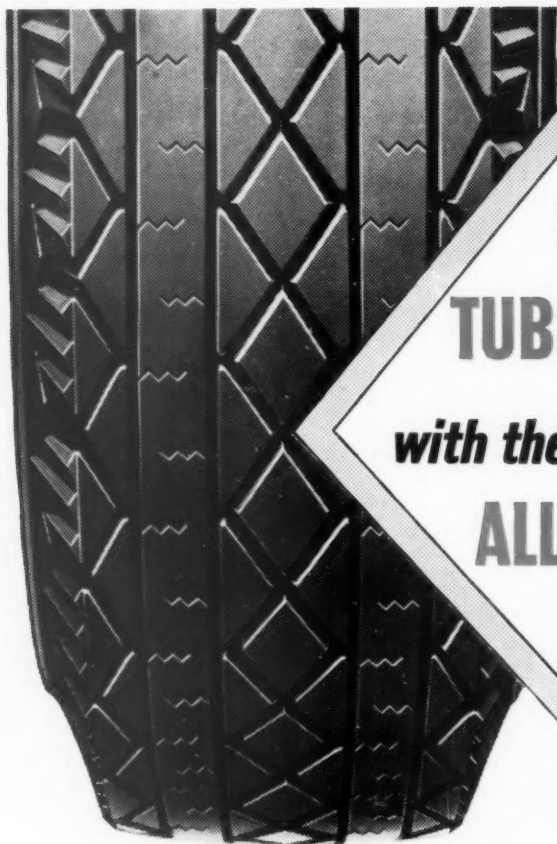
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